

The Silent Worker

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR ALL THE DEAF

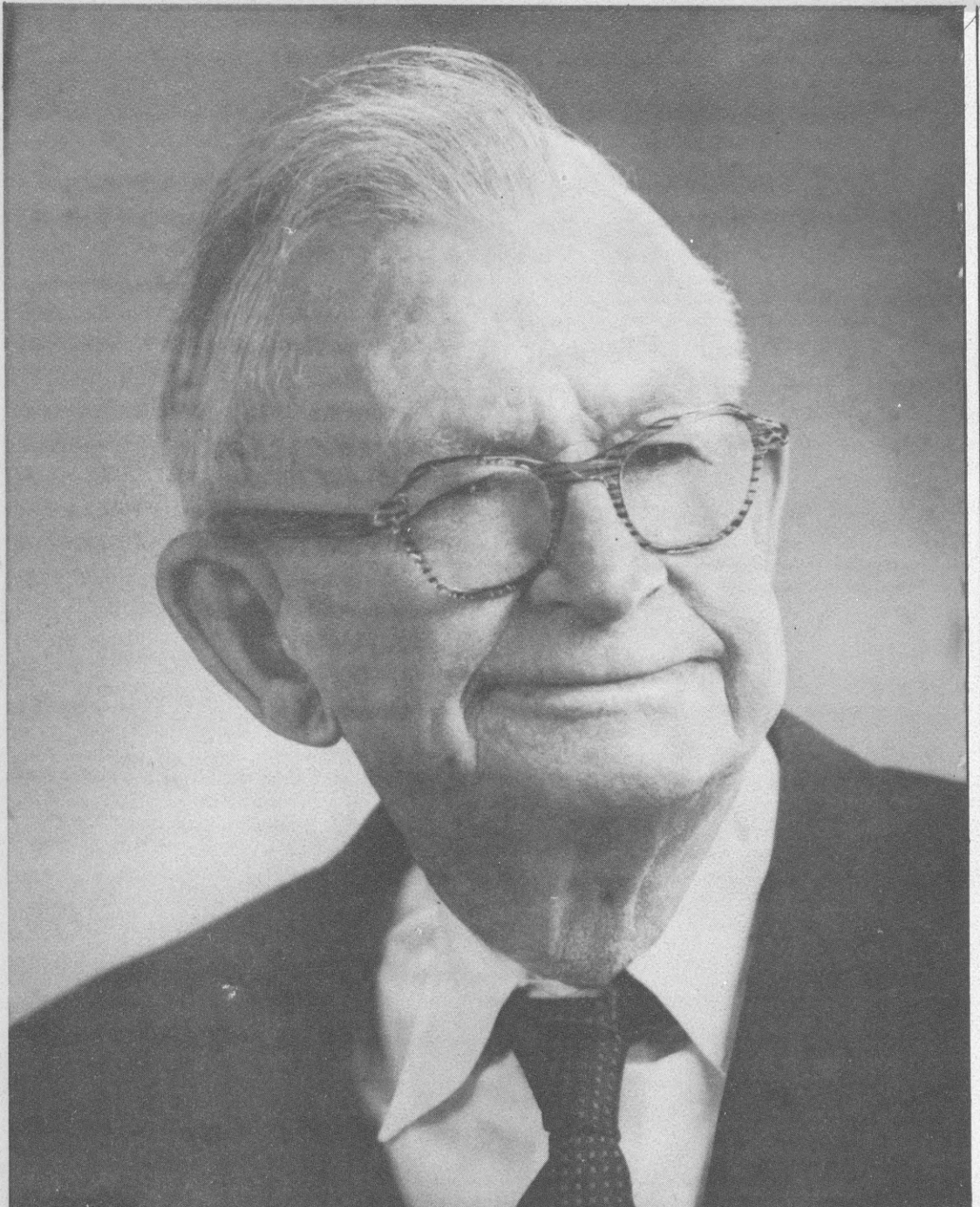
**GRAND TOUR
OF EUROPE**



**DEHAVAN HONORS
PAUL LANGE**



**EMPIRE STATE
NEWS**



EXPONENT OF CITY BEAUTIFUL . . . See Page 10

50c Per Copy

APRIL, 1962

The Editor's Page

COMMUNITY PARTICIPATION

More and more of late the deaf of the United States are being urged to become more active in community affairs—that is, to participate with their hearing brethren. In some localities the deaf are already doing just that.

It is urged that the deaf are a minority group and will become more of a minority group as the population of the United States expands. Many sociological studies have indicated that the deaf tend to be too clannish—confining their activities to a tightly-knit circle of deaf acquaintances. It has pointed out that deafness calls for continuous adjustment to the world at large and that there is no denying the fact that the deaf stand to benefit by a more satisfactory adjustment—individually and as a group.

Community participation is not as easy as it sounds. First of all, there is the communication barrier. It is not always that the deaf can find openings for participation on a mutually satisfactory basis. Friends in the right places are imperative.

Second, so many of the deaf are content to confine their activities to their own group. They point out that there is plenty to be done there, as well as satisfaction to be had. Their reasoning tends to be: Why risk the almost certain rebuffs and frustration?

Most of us agree that the deaf must live in the world of the hearing to some extent. There is no general agreement about our participation in community affairs. Results cannot be expected overnight, but already limited participation has proved fruitful.

We wonder, however, where such participation should start. During school years? Following graduation or leaving school? Or should the deaf wait until their more mature years when they have established themselves in their community?

OUR NEW FEATURE EDITOR

For nearly three years THE SILENT WORKER has lacked a Feature Editor. With this issue we welcome Eugene W. Petersen, 2737 Connor Street, Salt Lake City 9, Utah, as an addition to our staff with the above designation.

Mr. Petersen is secretary of the Utah Association of the Deaf and editor of THE UAD BULLETIN. He has been doing a fine job, and we are gratified that he has consented to handle features for us. There should be a steady flow of timely articles from Mr. Petersen henceforth. Readers having material are invited to write Mr. Petersen to discuss such features—and pictures are more than welcome.

CONVENTIONS AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

A magazine like THE SILENT WORKER strives to be of service to all kinds of organizations of the deaf in the way of publicity. And every bit of paid advertising helps us. We would like to serve the deaf better, and that is where advertising comes in.

THE SILENT WORKER has long made it a policy to list the dates of conventions as a service in hopes organizations would advertise in return. This has been true of "straight news" serving as publicity for such affairs.

For several months the SW has been printing a "Sports Calendar." It usually runs to a full column, and it seems to be increasing in length. We wonder if this is a wise policy if we do not stand to benefit by advertising from events so listed. Perhaps there should be a nominal charge for each listing if no advertising is inserted in return. A solution is being sought to this problem. Alexander Fleischman, our advertising manager, has promised to follow up on our listings.

ON TO MIAMI

The St. Louis convention of the National of the Deaf in 1957 completed work on the reorganization plan. By the time the Dallas convention rolled around in 1960, more than the required number of Cooperating Member associations had ratified the new bylaws to put the reorganization into effect.

Almost two years has elapsed since the deliberations in Dallas. Representatives went home to report on the new bicameral setup of the NAD. The quota system went into effect. We must admit all has not been sweetness and light, but let us point out that it takes time to get reorganized well.

Many Cooperating Members have already designated their Representatives to attend the Miami convention this coming July. Some of these Representatives have already been instructed as to the wishes of their organizations. There is an undercurrent of positive thinking although there will be lively discussion of controversial issues.


Positive thinking must prevail. There are vital issues to consider in Miami. Much has been accomplished to date.

While the Miami convention calls for the serious side—convention business—we would like to point out that the entertainment is being well taken care of and that all the deaf of the United States can enjoy things. On to Miami!

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**American Athletic
Assn. of the Deaf's**

Grand Tour of Europe

By MAX FRIEDMAN

This is the saga of the 100-odd happy people who emplaned August 1, 1961, from New York's Idlewild Airport for what was billed as the American Athletic Association of the Deaf Grand Tour of Europe. It is not going to be a travel log nor a guide book. The libraries are full of such times written by experts. This is going to be a tale of people, not of things, of recent episodes, not of ancient history. I write without notes of any kind other than the itinerary prepared for the tourists beforehand. For one thing, I have an abhorrence for excess baggage such as notebooks. For another thing, if I need a notebook to remind me of a redhead I met in Paris or a blonde in London, then the ladies in question would not be worth remembering. Come to think of it, there was a redhead in Paris and a blonde in London but before the gentle lady who has borne with me more or less patiently these twenty and more years starts the family crockery flying in my direction, she had better read on.

We assembled in the Hotel Wellington in New York on August 1 to be checked and briefed. Some from the hinterlands had come in a day or so earlier to take in the sights of New York as a sort of appetizer for things to come. All in all, we were a pretty fair cross section of the American deaf coming from every part of the country, including a couple of transplanted Hawaiians. We ranged in ages from late teens to two in their eighties. One would think that such an oddly assorted group would have trouble adjusting, but that did not prove to be the case. Lasting friendships were formed but I am not at this writing able to report on any romances. Just near things.

Paul Held, our travel agent, had us served cookies and punch while we were being briefed. Our plane was late in getting in and rumors started to circulate that our departure, set for 11:30 p.m., would be postponed until the next morning. Undeterred by such wild tales, we left the hotel at 9:00 for the airport where we met more of our contingent and more well-wishers. Our plane took off at 12:45, only a little more than an hour after our scheduled departure time. We could have easily made up this lost time but didn't, as will be seen. The Douglas DC-8 jet in which we flew is one of the fastest and most luxurious planes in passenger service and with only 98 of us in space meant for 120, you can see that we were very comfortably fixed indeed. The more elderly of our tourists got the first class section. As to the others, they regarded the evening as still young and preferred to be let loose in the larger tourist section. Three more tourists traveled with the athletes. We were to drop four of our passengers

in Copenhagen and Helsinki and pick up three others in Copenhagen. Dick Sloos, KLM passenger representative, flew with us to Copenhagen acting as escort host, and general factotum. Paul Held, who could not fly with us, was to join us one day later in Copenhagen. It was very nice having Dick along as there was nothing he would not do for us. The bar was open with everything on the house. To the grief and dismay of nobody, very little sleeping was done that night. No sooner were we out of our safety belts than the stewardesses started bringing in trays of midnight snacks. Dawn came in a matter of only three hours, and the stewardesses used this as an excuse to serve us breakfast. It seemed that we had hardly finished our after-breakfast smokes when the stewardesses were serving lunch, and the lunch trays were cleared away just as we were about to descend in Amsterdam. Dick told us we could go to the airport bar or coffee shop and have refreshments on the house, but it turned out that Dick was only having his little fun. The "drinks and coffee" turned out to be a full course steak dinner. After dinner we were given time to shop in the tax-free airport shop. We were two hours in Amsterdam, which was why we did not make up the time we lost by our late departure. Again, with only a little more than an hour's flight to Copenhagen, we were served a snack!

We got to Copenhagen to around 3:15 p.m. local time, about 9½ hours and five meals after we left New York. After having our passports checked, I expected we would have to submit to the routine of

having our baggage inspected. But that was not to be the case. In fact, not once through Europe, not even at the Russian border, did we have to open our bags for inspection. When we got back to New York, the customs inspectors gave us little more than a cursory once over, lasting about a couple of minutes each, before sending us on our ways.

We split up into three groups. Lenny Warshawsky took his 39 in Group C to one hotel while Vic Galloway's 19 in Group D and my 39 in Group E traveled together for the time being. Almost unceremoniously, it seemed to me, we were rushed into waiting buses, our bags piled into trailers, and we were sent on our way. I set up a howl at the treatment accorded our baggage but my cries were quickly silenced with the explanation that if I was going to sort out the bags the customs inspectors would go to work on them. We were saved two or three hours, a small price to pay for a few bags sent to the wrong hotel.

We parted company with Mrs. Stack and Messrs. Altizer and Edward Lynch in Copenhagen to be rejoined by them in London, but we picked up Paul Held, Alfred Neumann, and Paul and Albertine Zieske. Paul had been my roommate two years at Gallaudet, and it was a happy reunion because we had not seen each other in exactly 30 years. Albertine, hereinafter referred to as Al, is his hearing wife who was to prove to be a gem beyond compare as she graciously shouldered the task of interpreting and helped us in other ways too numerous to mention.

This is the tourist group shown just before boarding a chartered KLM jet at Idlewild International Airport, New York City, for Dusseldorf, Germany. Max Friedman, tour director and author of this feature, is seventh from the left in the first row, already scratching his chin about some problem that has cropped up.



The Hotel Egmont in Copenhagen is a college dormitory used summers as a tourist hotel. We found similar accommodations in Stockholm and Helsinki. If the furniture was on the spartan side, the buildings were all new and kept scrupulously clean and the food was good. In the first two cities all rooms had baths which, as we found, are luxuries in Europe.

Our sightseeing began from the moment of our departure from the Copenhagen airport. Each of our three buses had a woman guide, and ours was a divorced countess with a very good command of English. She was one after my own heart because when asked about the Danish drinking water she assured us that it is good, but that aqua vit is better. She pointed out a section of the waterfront notorious for its tough habits and cautioned us against going there after dark. Two of our young blades ventured there that evening but did not remain long. The climate on the waterfront is not healthy for waifs and strays. Most of the rest of us dropped in at the club for the deaf after dinner where we met a crowd of Danes as well as many others from other countries, passing through as we were on their way to Helsinki. The club was showing a movie of the 1957 Games in Milan, but after a reel or two we decided we had not come all this distance just to see a movie. We apologized to our hosts, explaining that we had only a single night to spend in Copenhagen and we wanted to see more of their marvelous city. The Danes were most understanding, and in no time at all a fleet of taxis pulled up to the club doors to whisk us off to the Tivoli. I promised my readers that I would not take them sightseeing so I will not go into a description of that marvelous amusement park.

The next day, August 3, was spent sightseeing in our chartered buses, and at nine in the evenings we took a sleeper train to Stockholm. It was here that chaos descended on us, and I thought for sure that our whole tour was ruined. We were given to understand that we would be sleeping in berths, two to a compartment, and paired off accordingly. But just before our train pulled in we were told that there would be not two but three bunks to each compartment and there was the devil to pay as married couples had to split up and new compartment mates found. When the train pulled in, there was a mad stampede to seize compartments and it was a wonder nobody got trampled. The porters had to dump our bags into the vestibules, and the train pulled out several minutes late. Then came the Herculean task of sorting our luggage and prying some of our more burly travelers loose from berths they were "holding for a friend." It was some time before order could be restored and Lenny, Vic, Paul, and I could look our people in the eye again. To our utter amazement just about every mother's son there was in high good spirits, regarding the stampede as good fun. Paul and Vic found themselves without berths, a matter that was straightened

out at the next stop. On the other hand, Eileen Kennedy had two berths that night. You'll have to ask her to explain that.

In Stockholm occurred another misadventure which ruined the visit there for me. Coming in from an afternoon's boat excursion through the waterways of the city we found no buses waiting for us as there were supposed to be. Telephoning brought no results, and in the end we had to take cabs back to our hotel. We missed the time set for our dinner, and the hotel refused to serve us until other guests had been served, which meant a 9:00 dinner for many of us with little time left for a night on the town. By the time I had pacified our outraged tourists, done battle to little avail with an assortment of clerks, headwaiters, and managers and had a late, late dinner I was in no mood to enjoy the night life of the city. There was not much night life anyway. Stockholm is not like some other cities I might mention. I did go out to try to drown my grief in schnapps, but it took more than schnapps to ease my grief that night.

I woke up the next morning with a chip on my shoulder, and sure enough I had to do battle again. This time it was with waiters who did not want to serve us breakfast when we were ready to be served. I won out but by the time my gay throng had all eaten and departed with their hot hands full of money to spend along Stockholm's main stem, I found I would have no time for shopping myself. Which, dear reader, is why aggravated ulcers is the only momento I have of my unhappy stay in the capital of Sweden. All on account of a mistake by some stupid bus company clerk.

It was in Stockholm that our tourists started blossoming out in an assortment of odd customs. Several bought sweaters with rather flamboyant designs and colors. Other odds and ends were picked up as we went along. Ray Grossbaure acquired short Bavarian leather pants and harness to hold them up, a Tyrolean hat and Swedish sweater, and he was not at all bashful about wearing them. On him they looked good. Several men up with these Tyrolean skimmers but I fancy I got the best of the lot. It figures because I had Vi 'Armstrong, Pauline Case, Mary Jo Schuer, and Kathy Caldcleugh along when I made my purchase in Innsbruck. Dan Miller brought a man's bikini which he donned in pools in Paris and London but which, if worn on any public beach in this country, would get him arrested.

The Swedes soon made up for the miseries they caused me in Stockholm. At 1:00 p.m., August 5, we set sail on the Swedish ship, Berger Jarl, for a 20-hour overnight sail to Helsinki. She was a spanking new ship, agleam with bright paint and polished brass. Her bunks were comfortable and decks spacious with more than enough deck chairs for all. There was a snack bar for those with plebian tastes and a saloon for those who preferred to drink in more luxurious surroundings. Both places were well patronized.

I was advised that we would have to eat our dinner in shifts, so many at seven and

so many at eight. The sea air being what it is, I expected a horde of starving young Americans would be bursting down the doors of the dining room to eat in the first shift, and I did not want a repetition of the stampede we had on the train at Copenhagen. Thinking to play it smart, I slipped the lame, the halt, and the elderly in through a side door and had them all seated when the main doors were opened at seven. But there was no rush and no crush at the door and those who were there filed in and found places in an orderly fashion. Moreover, not all the places were taken. Astounded, I set forth to find the reason why. The reason why was not hard to discover. Those Scandinavian blondes are a most hospitable sort and very partial to Americans. Many of our gay blades were singularly un-hungry and could scarcely be driven to dinner. I managed to eat with the first shift that time. As to the second shift, I left them to shift for themselves, and I am not sure all had their dinner that lovely August evening.

There were many deaf travelers from other countries on board. We pre-empted a section of the deck where a radio blared dance music. There was no moon that night, but the stars were out in full glory, with the Pole Star almost overhead. That night passed very pleasantly.

In an earlier issue of THE SILENT WORKER Art Kruger told you about the Games. I will let it go at that and pass on to the Leningrad leg of our journey. Many have wondered why we should choose to spend four precious days in Russia when we might have used the time visiting such Italian cities as Florence, Milan, and Venice. For one thing, we wanted some deaf Americans to see Russia for themselves so that they would know from first hand of how much they read and heard they could believe. For another thing, I wanted the Russians to see the Americans close up, to give the lie to their own papers and leaders. In both of our objectives we succeeded far beyond our expectations. We found our accommodations primitive, to say the least and, while it was wonderful upon our return to breathe the sweet free air of Finland again, I must say that our time in Russia was very well spent.

For various reasons, seven of our tourists were without Russian visas. The Russian embassy in Washington told Paul Held that they would contact the Russian embassy in Helsinki and he could get the visas there without trouble. But Paul had to battle most of two days to get those seven visas. When he first went to the embassy, nobody there admitted to knowing English. But Paul also speaks German, which is Finland's second tongue, and there was no evading him. Then one of the embassy functionaries let slip a few words of English, and Paul had him dead to rights. They did speak English there after all. After spending the whole day at the embassy, Paul was told that all was in order and he could come back the next morning to pick up the visas. He was there at the appointed time but was bypassed

and ignored until he was finally handed the visas late in the day. Just what satisfaction the Russians get out of such behavior is more than I can see. Perhaps it comes under the heading of peaceful co-existence.

At ten in the morning of Friday August 11, 58 Americans with Vic Galloway and myself in the lead and with Albertine Zieske lending invaluable service as interpreter, boarded a Russian train for our 280-mile ride to Leningrad, a distance we were to cover in 10½ hours. We all carried box lunches, put up by our hotel as Russian trains have no diners. We also had a supply of fruit, cookies, candy, and other eatables purchased at the Helsinki railroad station, a foresight that paid off. Vic had been named to head our combined groups, D and E, an honor I was most happy to relinquish because no sooner had we boarded the train than we ran into ticket difficulties. But the ticket puncher was courteous and all was smoothed out. We were in three cars which if not sumptuous by American standards were at least clean and reasonably comfortable. Our lady conductor, with stainless steel teeth, was with us the entire journey. She made and sold endless glasses of very good tea and washed the glasses after each use, policed the cars and swept up, too. She was correct and formal in her conduct but did not take the time for a little chit-chat such as you could expect from an American conductor. We discovered that there were some Russian deaf athletes in the car ahead of ours, but our lady conductor would not permit us to join them. It was different on our return. A group of American college students were traveling on our train then, and we were allowed to mix in different cars.

At about five o'clock we stopped at the border at Viborg and ran into some trouble. The border guard insisted that the visa for Phillip and Helen DiFalco was not in order. They had been traveling on a single passport and the Soviet embassy in Washington found no fault with that. Now the border guard insisted that only one could enter Russia and our arguments got us nowhere. They both elected to return. They had to stay overnight in a hotel as there was no train returning to Helsinki that day. They had a very unpleasant overnight in a badly run down hotel and were only too glad to shake the dirt of Russia from their heels at noon the next day. Upon their return to Helsinki, Paul Held, who had remained behind, went to the Soviet embassy to register a complaint. He was told that there was nothing wrong with the DiFalco visa and that both should have been permitted to enter Russia. We learned later that such autocratic conduct on the part of Soviet border guards is not unusual.

Our train stopped at the Russian border for about an hour, and we were permitted off to buy rubles and food and to stretch our legs. It took three women and an abacus for each transaction when we changed our dollars to rubles. The little food we saw on display at the food counter

looked most unappetizing after the piles of goodies we saw at the station in Helsinki, and we were repelled by our first close up view of Russian city streets.

Our train pulled into Leningrad at 10:30. We had gained an hour crossing another time zone. What struck us immediately as we emerged into the waiting room of the station was the sight of the large number of people apparently waiting for trains. It was the same on other nights we happened in, but in the daytime there were no more people there than seemed normal. Possibly many Russians do their traveling at night. On the other hand it could be that many, for reasons of their own, sleep in the station.

We were met at the station by our two Intourist guides, Ella and Igor, who were to stay with us throughout our visit. I will have more to say about these two further along. Our hotel was right across the station plaza, and we carried our bags over ourselves. The streets certainly looked crowded for that hour of the night. I am sure that our hotel, and ornate building with high ceilings, had once been a palatial holstery. All I can say is that it had not been kept up, and I almost positive it had the same plumbing it had when it was built. None of us had baths in our rooms. Some had toilets and all rooms had running water, but even then some rooms had no hot water at all. Those of us who had to use the common toilets would prefer to forget our experiences.

The room which I shared with John Dolph was clean enough, and the beds were comfortable although the mattresses were rather soft. But the air in the room was musty. This was because of the double windows. They come in handy those long, cold Russian winters but only two panes were hinged to be opened, and under the circumstances the air does get stale.

Almost immediately Vic, our tour leader, ran into trouble. We traveled without cash to pay hotel and transportation bills. Wolters, our European travel agents, gave us vouchers which were used in place of cash and Wolters met all bills. Vic had been given necessary papers on our departure from Helsinki, but try as he might he could not locate our hotel voucher. The desk was courteous and helpful. They said they would wire our agents and all would be all right. When we departed the following Monday morning, our voucher had not yet come through but we were told not to trouble ourselves on that account. Evidently Wolters' credit is good. And if Vic is reading this, that hotel voucher, or something that looks very much like one, turned up among my papers when I got home.

Although it was almost midnight we were served a substantial if not fancy meal. I would say that that was the pattern throughout our stay. The meals were adequate although not as good as those served us elsewhere. Perhaps some of the tourists were not used to Russian dishes, but I have my origins in that country. The next morning some spurned the odd looking dish served them at breakfast and looked

on aghast as I downed two helpings of cheese blintzes and sour cream, something I could keep doing all day long if I had the room. The Americans were further awed by the gusto with which I devoured seconds and thirds of smoked salmon, a delicacy known as lox in the circles in which I travel. That stuff costs \$3.00 a pound here and is worth every cent of it.

After our late dinner I decided that a cigar and breath of fresh air would do me good after a long day cooped up in a railway car. With several others, I went out for a walk. The hotel door was locked, but a turnkey let us out and we immediately saw we had just missed a street brawl outside the hotel. One of the contestants, in the tow of some cops, had the marks of a losing fight on his face. For that hour of the night, 1:00 a.m., the streets seemed crowded. In almost no time at all I ran into that side of Russia that is not heralded in its guidebooks. Half a block from the hotel a character sidled up to me flashing some rubles in his hand. Apparently he wanted to sell them for some good old capitalist American dollars at black market prices. Now I already had some rubles and was not planning on spending more in Russian than I had to. Furthermore I could not be sure that those rubles were genuine, or that somebody was not trying to trap me, so I brushed this fellow off.

The streets were full of drunks, both men and women, and we came upon another crowd milling around yet another brawl, or maybe it was just a continuation of the first one. Now my work takes me through Times Square after midnight five nights a week, and I have been through some pretty seedy sections of New York after dark, but that was not enough to prepare me for so many reeling drunks in so short a distance as I saw that night in this workers' paradise where all the vices of men are supposed to have been legislated out of existence. Perhaps I should not complain as nobody tried to bother us. Back at the hotel door the turnkey let us in, shutting the door on a number of Soviet citizens trying to slip through.

There are many things about the country and the people I would like to set down here but must not because I do not know who will read this and do not wish to make trouble for any of the many deaf Russians who flocked to the sidewalk outside our hotel during our stay there. They were friendly, communicative, and more than willing to show us places not shown us by our Intourist guides. There was a brisk trade in such trinkets as lapel pins, fountain pens, and even lighters and watches. One pen I refused to part with disappeared from my breast pocket anyway. I hope the Russian who has it likes purple ink. Once while I was passing out cigarettes and gum a deaf Russian caught my attention by wagging his finger in the sign for negative, meaning for me to cease and desist. Wondering, with my eyes I asked him why. He drew a circle with his finger on his chest where a policeman wears his badge, then pointed to his eye. So that

was it. The police were watching. It is out of consideration for this Russian and other such friendly people that I will refrain from reporting some of the things I would like to set down.

Ella and Igor showed us the usual sights palace of the czars, the justly famed Hermitage Museum, the magnificent subway, and we were driven past sections where we saw recently built factories and new apartments going up. If we were not properly impressed by these sights, attribute it to the fact that our deaf friends conducted us on private tours where we saw behind this facade. We did not care in the least for the barracks-like apartments going up. Later, in western European cities just as badly devastated by the war, we were to see attractive and substantial buildings already up and occupied. Much of Leningrad has been rebuilt since the war. The buildings are comparatively new, but they already look old. I would say that outside of the factories and the subway, nothing of note has been built in Leningrad since 1917. I am an old hand at subways, and it seems to me the one in Leningrad is unnecessarily deep. It would make a much better bomb shelter than would those of Paris, London, and New York.

Forgive me, dear reader, for not having mentioned earlier that our Intourist guide, Ella, was young, blonde, and very soothing to the eyes. Vic, of course, drew Ella for his party which was all right with me because all's fair in love and war and there is no sense of modesty on my part when I say Vic is better equipped by nature to deal with problems posed by women. I, being more blessed with brains (no reflection on Vic intended) found Igor, still damp behind the ears, more up my alley. Vic and I, with a generous assist from Al, did not resort to any such crude tactics as arguing the relative merits of the American as against the Soviet system. We used what I trust was a more subtle approach. Vic needed only a little urging from Ella to show her pictures of his family and of his beautiful new home in the suburbs of San Francisco. Ella asked all the right questions—about those gadgets in the kitchen, about the two-car garage, was that large house only for four people. Vic did not have to resort to the use of a blackjack. Al did a magnificent job, such as only one woman can do on another. In casual conversation she brought out that Vic is an engineer at Lockheed, that Edgar Bloom has an engineering degree, M.S. from Columbia, and is a chemist for Bell System, that her husband, Paul, teaches and holds an M.A. from Michigan, that the United States has the only college for the deaf in the world, and such little odds and ends of information. I think I did a pretty good job on Igor. When asked about the lack of cars on the streets of Leningrad he said that the government hoped "soon" to put out a light car for the people. I asked how much such a car would come to and he guessed it would cost about 1200 rubles. I asked how much a Russian workman averages in a month and was told

that it is around 100 rubles, so I noted that it would take a whole year's pay to buy such a car. Igor was asked about the Russian work week. He said it was then 41 hours in six days but they hoped eventually to get that down to 35 hours. I said I had been working a 35-hour week for a number of years. Perhaps my tactics were heavy handed, but I hope I hit home.

A pair of halfway decent shoes in Russia costs 30 rubles, more than a week's pay! One store featured a shoddy suit for 42 rubles, and a shirt sells for five rubles. As for food, bread is good and cheap but you take it home without any wrapping unless you supply your own, and I suppose if you get caught out in the rain you stick the loaf under your shirt. Such things as meat and butter are sold in small quantities, indicative of their high prices. As to fruit, I saw little beyond little bigger than grapes and green apples not big enough to bother with for applesauce or pies. We saw women engaged in heavy manual labor. Igor explained that Russia had lost 17 million in the war and needed all its manpower. But in the Petrograd Palace gardens, by a beautiful splashing fountain built by the czars, we saw four women dipping cans in a pool to get water to water the flower beds. Why they don't run a pipe and hose from the fountain and use only one woman is something I cannot explain. Three women and an abacus are needed for each transaction when we change our dollars to rubles. If Comrade Krushchev expects to catch America by 1970, or even 1980, he'd better hurry up and get started!

While in Helsinki I had obtained from two Americans who had preceded us on a tour of Russia the address of a center for the deaf in Leningrad. This address had been written out for me in Russian script, and I had further shown it to a deaf Russian bigwheel at the Helsinki banquet who told me it was right and that we must visit that place while in Leningrad. I showed this address to Ella and Igor and they both professed not to be able to read it. But I caught them with their fibs showing when I told them that a Russian Mr. Big had told me the address was right. They then said they would check with their office. Needless to say, we never got to see the center but it did not matter. The Soviet deaf handled the matter in their own way by coming to see us in droves.

I must say that some of the vices of our capitalist society have not yet been eradicated in this socialist paradise. While we were passing the time of day outside our hotel, one of our girls rushed to me to tell me that a Russian was annoying another of our girls. The Russian had chosen his victim well as she was too frightened to move. When I started for him, a hearing man, he beat a retreat with a leer on his face as ugly as any I have ever seen elsewhere. That just wasn't my day for a few minutes later another citizen of the Soviet Union, very much the worse for liquor, glowered up at me and started muttering. I pointed to my ear and shrugged my shoulders. He bared his chest and showed

me some tattoo marks, evidently put there in a concentration camp by the Nazis. I said I was an American, not a Nazi, hoping he would get the idea and go somewhere else, but he did not get the idea and I started sizing him up. He was half a head shorter and very drunk, and I figured that if World War III was going to start there the United States ought to be able to get in first licks. But one of the deaf Russians saw what was going on and came over to shove the drunk away, preserving the peace for the moment anyway.

The Russians have adopted one of the vices of our soft capitalist society 'though I expect some day to read that they invented it. I refer to the automatic coin-operated drink dispensing machine. You deposit a coin, press a button, and out comes a drink of your choice. But the similarity between their machine and ours ends here. Whereas over here you get your drink in a sanitary disposable paper cup, over there you pick up a common drinking glass left on the machine, rinse it out in a bucket of water left there for that purpose, and catch your drink in the glass. I do not know of any American who availed himself to the quaint Russian experience. For the most part we drank bottled beverages at our hotel, but even there we found evidences that the dishwashing practices were short of American standards of sanitation.

There is one memory of Leningrad which I shall treasure as long as I live. A young Russian and I went for a stroll. I had the foresight to have brought along a Russian-English dictionary and with the help of that we managed quite well. The Russian insisted on being hospitable and took me into a shop where refreshments were served. Saloons are a capitalist vice and there are none such in Russia, at least none I saw had a bar and a brass rail. But liquor flows as fast if not faster. The difference is that you have to take your drink standing up in whatever odd corner you can find for your operation. My friend brought two water glasses each half full of some liquor. He said it was wine but it tasted like whiskey and I said so. But my new found friend insisted it was wine and who was I to quarrel with so genial a host. With the honor and prestige of my country at stake, I matched him gulp for gulp. The upshot of it all was that I was late for dinner, and when I finally paraded into the hotel dining room with my coat lapels resplendent with pins, buttons and medals that had been attached thereto and with the effects of my excursion evident on my face, the Americans greeted me with what amounted to a cheer. They were worried by my non-appearance and were relieved to see me again, even in that condition. The spontaneity of this reception was not lost on Ella and Igor who were on hand to take it all in. Our people certainly were not treating me as though I were a political commissar on the tour to see that all toed the capitalistic line. So chalk up another political triumph for good old USA.

Incidentally, the fact that Vic and I, both deaf ourselves, led this group into Russia and that we were just two of the

crowd and not commissars detailed to keep an eye on the others, did not escape our deaf Soviet friends. The complete freedom of speech and thought within our group was also noted, and if it wasn't some of us took pains to point that out. Such a traveling group of Russians would be unthinkable over there. Having seen Americans up close, at first hand, there will be some there who will henceforth read their propaganda-ridden papers with a fishy eye. No matter what discomforts we had to put up with, no matter that we missed seeing important cities in northern Italy, I must regard our trip behind the Iron Curtain as entirely worth while. On the whole we found the deaf Russians as good a people as you can find anywhere. Any war between the Russians and the Americans would be senseless.

We took up a collection to show Ella and Igor how much we appreciated the manner in which they had looked after us for truly, within the limitations permitted them, they had been most kind and helpful. They both refused our cash gift, a matter of pride with them. On the other hand we did want to show we were grateful so Ella was finally persuaded to accept a bouquet of flowers, and Igor accepted one to take home to his wife.

Upon our departure from the hotel on Monday morning, August 14, one of the maids ran up to Eileen Kennedy with the wallet she had left behind under her pillow. When Eileen tried to reward her the maid refused the gift.

One more item before I pass from the Russian scene. While there Alice Altmayer became ill. It was nothing more than the effects of overexertion, but we did not know it then. We asked the hotel desk to send a doctor. Two doctors, an interpreter, and an ambulance driver responded. Alice's recovery was rapid as she was out of bed in a few hours. For this there was no charge whatever under the Soviet system of socialized medicine. Later, while crossing the English Channel on a steamer, Mildred Lauber had the misfortune to fall and fracture her wrist. A nurse on board bandaged it for her, and when we got to London she was taken to a hospital where the wrist was x-rayed and then put into a cast. She remained in the hospital overnight. For all this there was also no charge under the British medical system. What I am driving at is that the English have the same thing as the Russians but without having had to sacrifice any of their freedoms for it.

There were two or three Russians at the station to see us off that Monday morning. We do not know by what devious means they managed to get off from work. Some who had said they would try to be there were not on hand. The presence of those who were there was reassuring for we knew we had made some friends for America. The minds of many Russians remain unchained.

Our journey west was without incident although time seemed so much shorter than on our eastward ride. We stopped at the border to have the three little maids

with their abacus change our remaining rubles back into dollars. The same guard who had barred the DiFalcos was there as pleased with himself as though he had swallowed a canary. He did hold up the train for about 20 minutes for us to allow us to get rid of our rubles. Our train stopped again for passport inspection when we crossed into Finland and we all piled out. I do not think I have ever breathed cleaner, sweeter air than I breathed that day in free Finland. The Finns on hand were grinning, amused with our pleasure. Which reminded us we had not seen a really happy native smile since we had crossed at that point three days earlier.

Back again to Helsinki and the Hotel Domus where we were rejoined by Paul Held and the DiFalcos. We found our laundry, left behind, waiting for us. There was a rush for the tiled showers. None of us had had more than sponge baths since we had departed the previous Friday as we could not bring ourselves to use the Russian bathing facilities. Now clean, in fresh clothes and with an honest Scandinavian dinner under our belts, we looked forward in very good spirits to the next leg of our trip.

The next morning, the 15th, we got up shortly after four, breakfasted, and were off to the airport where we boarded a chartered Caravelle jet at 7:00. In case you do not know, the Caravelle is a 75-passenger super deluxe French plane, very new. As as was the case with our KLM charter, we were scarcely out of our safety belts when a meal was served us. Most of us managed to put away this second breakfast of ham and eggs. We flew the length of the Baltic Sea in a little more than two hours. Alighting at Hamburg, we did not find the expected people from Wolters on hand to take us in tow, and I began to wonder if we had run into another foul up. We went through customs. Here, again, there was no baggage inspection. While Al and I were trying to get in touch with our hotels, two buses drove up with our guides and drivers. It developed that we had crossed another time zone and our guides were on time, German time.

Group D's driver and guide respectively were Hennes and Kurt. Ours, Group E, were Werner and Yogi. Yogi was studying at a German university for a doctorate in political science. He had spent a year at the University of Colorado where he had acquired his nickname and a familiarity with the American idiom. Yogi immediately took charge, and for the next two weeks, while Yogi was with us, life for one, Max Friedman, became a bowl of cherries with each golden moment to be relished and treasured. Yogi knew where to go and what to see. He made up our daily schedules, made the room arrangements, acted as mailman, knew what to do to get us an extra dollop or two on our plates. He counted noses, counted change. He warned us of tourist pitfalls and took us to places off the beaten path. He rounded up stray laundry and laggard tourists. He got out a daily newsletter and, with the

help of Al, kept us abreast of the world events as they came in over the bus radio. He also became no mean hand with our manual alphabet. The other groups were similarly fortunate. Olaf, in Group C, learned to use some signs. Kurt, Vic's leader (it would have to be Vic's), while not too proficient in the use of English, made up for this by his familiarity with European cities after dark. As to Werner, our driver, Vi Armstrong promptly developed a crush on him, which was not strange as Werner was twice the size of Vi. Werner jockeyed his huge bus through the narrow, winding European streets and lanes for two weeks without collecting a single scratch on the shiny paint. Werner also took charge of our luggage, and from then on there was never a lost, strayed or tardy piece. Between them Yogi and Werner knew all the side roads, back streets, and scenic routes and took us over them whenever time permitted rather than over the wide, smooth but monotonous autobahns. They also knew the right inns and roadhouses, where we could get the best coffee and enjoy the best views and our rest stops were always relaxing and enjoyable breaks.

Each of the six buses used by our groups carried two huge signs announcing to all and sundry that we were the American Athletic Association Grand Tour of Europe arranged by the Held Travel Bureau of Chicago, Illinois. The only thing lacking on those signs was neon lights. I was to cross paths with four other such buses as we went along. We were not to see Group C again until London, September 2.

And so we continued on our tour with each stop marked by some treasured memory. Again, this is not a travel tale, but some places do stand out. They say Hamburg is a wicked city. I would not know about that. While sightseeing in the afternoon Yogi made the mistake of pointing out some places where women guests were not permitted, so what happens but that that evening our men disappear in wholesale numbers leaving Vic and me and a handful of our more gallant men to escort some of the ladies to the tamer dives. Moreover it rained cats and dogs that night, the only bad rain we had during our tour. Hamburg was pretty much of a washout for me if it wasn't for some of the others.

At Duesseldorf, our next stop, we were sent to a different hotel from the one I expected we would use. This place did not strike me as the kind in which I would care to stay. Some of our girls became offended by the "ladies" they saw in the halls and by certain "callers" in the lobby. I took it on myself to suggest to the management that the ladies shut shop for the night and that the callers be sent elsewhere. The manager was outraged. He said a troupe of musicians and their wives were stopping in his hotel and that he ran a respectable establishment. I suppose I should be thankful I did not also get a punch in the nose. I never got to see the German friends I expected to drop in to show us the town. It developed later that

they went to the wrong hotel, picked up Easy Carney and his gang who were staying there that night and had a high old time on the town. I much prefer the heady Duesseldorf beer to the kind you get in Munich, and I've never forgiven Easy, the vulture!

The next day we took a boat up the Rhine from Koblenz to Rudesheim with dinner on board. Easy Carney's bunch traveled with us and their company plus the wonderful Rhine scenery helped dispell my disappointment over the previous night.

If I had to pick out a single night that stood out above all the others, it would have to be the night spent at Rudesheim, the resort town on the Rhine in the vineyard section of Germany. Every door that did not lead into a hotel or a novelty shop led into a wine cellar, each with a band. The music was loud and wine flowed like water and in one of these places we ran into the granddaddy of all conga lines. Some of us did not get to bed at all that night. Others had to be put to bed.

Heidelberg, the university town, was distinguished by our visit to the Red Ox Inn, the famous student hangout. The place was packed with young people, and we had never seen so many steins of beer passed out in one night (we had not yet reached Munich). Four of us found seats at a table with some students, students, all right, but from the University of Michigan! As to the other young people in the place guzzling beer and pounding on tables to the time of songs they sang at the top of their voices, they were mostly GIs in mufti. Quite a disillusionment! On the other hand, given enough beer one can keep up an illusion. Which leads to the observation that as long as there is beer in Germany and Germans to drink it the Rhine will never run dry.

We "dried out" at the next stop, Freudenstadt, a Mother Goose town with gingerbread houses. Tourists or no tourists, dollars or no dollars, the good burghers of that town have a quaint custom of shutting their shops on Saturday afternoons which was a shame because we could do nothing but drool over the displays of cuckoo clocks and wonderful wood carvings in the store windows. We spent a relaxing evening over cards and small talk in the hotel bar and found our energies replenished for our next stop, Munich.

Munich is noteworthy for three things: for the cocktail party Bob Haggard threw for Group E in celebration of Marie's birthday; for the anniversary party we held for Paul and Al Zieske, complete with a gigantic cake. Al was presented with a cash gift in appreciation of her interpreting; and for the Hofbrauhaus, a drinking place. There were around three or four thousand beer imbibers gathered around tables on three levels in that place the Sunday evening we dropped in. The beer is served in steins holding two pints and 40 cents will see you through an evening's fun. The waitress who served us carried eleven of those huge steins at once and if there were more of us she would have

carried more. As a student of anatomy as well as physics, I am ready to attest that that is no great feat. Only a woman can do it and she has to be generously endowed up front to provide a sort of shelf to help support those steins. Our waitress was built by nature for that task. At one stage during the evening the band left their platform to parade around the hall with their instruments. In the process they picked up Sam Vota who eventually found himself on the stage with the musicians. I am pleased to record that Sam was equal to the occasion. He plucked the baton from the hands of the leader and with the aplomb of a veteran led the band through a number. At the conclusion of his stint Sam was seized by his deaf cohorts and borne aloft back to his table.

Whatever our antecedents, we found Bavaria and the Bavarians very much to our liking, and when we left Germany it was to cut across a corner of Austria at Innsbruck where we got into the real Alps, snow-covered peaks and all. Thence through the principality of Liechtenstein where a genuine baron bade us welcome and stamped our passports in his souvenir shop. Then we went on through beautiful Alpine Switzerland. We stopped in Lucerne two nights and loaded ourselves down with watches, clocks, and such trinkets. Yogi took us to the 500-year-old Swiss Steak House. Ask Eileen Kennedy about the penalty a lady has to pay for dropping her bread into the cheese fondue. The peak of Mt. Pilatus was wreathed in fog when we reached it, but there was plenty to see on the way up and back.

We crossed the Lake of Geneva from Lausanne to Geneva where we remained for another two-night stop. We took a side trip to Chamonix, the famous French resort at the foot of Mt. Blanc, the highest peak in Europe. Three days after our visit a French air force plane was to cut a cable of the cable cars to the peak, an accident which cost several lives.

In Geneva we were rejoined by Group D and traveled together the rest of the way. From Geneva it was a day long ride to Paris, broken by three stops for lunch and rest. Here we ran into a quaint French custom, that of both sexes sharing a common washroom. Depending on whom you have with you, you can find it quite cozy straightening your necktie at one mirror whilst a chick is rearranging her face at the next.

In Paris, a three-night stop, we visited the usual tourist attractions and also found the time to see the side street sights for which Paris is justly famous. The revue at the Casino de Paris was really something. I am not one to complain if the girls on stage did not bother to cover up above the waist. Personally I liked the show at the Moulin Rouge better. It moved at a faster pace, perhaps helped by the champagne served at the latter place. Later I was told that if I had missed these two shows I could have seen quite as much nudity if I had gone with some of the others to a swimming pool and taken in the bikinis. But Mrs. Friedman had cer-

tain ideas on how my free time in Paris should be used, and I returned home loaded down with French perfumes to prove that not all my time there had been mis-spent.

Forgive me, dear reader, if I have been beating around the bush too long while you have been breathlessly waiting for me to introduce that redhead I mentioned earlier in this tale. She was young, extremely pretty, and what could be more natural than that Vic should produce her. She was Carole Isaacson, daughter of deaf parents, erstwhile resident of Washington, D.C., and then studying French where it is spoken. She took some of us on a privately conducted tour of Paris by night, which included a visit to an artists' colony in the Montmartre and wound up in the Place Pigalle where our girls clung very tightly to our arms.

Paris may be the most famous of all European tourist attractions, but after three days few of us were reluctant to leave. Our next stop was Brussels. The main tourist attraction there, or rather the most famous, was the mannekin fountain. Of course we also saw other places. We all got together for a farewell dinner that night for Kurt and Hennes, Yogi and Werner. There were speeches and toasts and gifts for these worthies. They had served us very well since our arrival at Hamburg on the 15th, and when they left us at Ostend on the 31st it was with something of a wrench, especially for Vic and me. We had to don our harness again and buckle down to work.

The cross channel steamer that took us from Ostend to Dover had been years of service and it was packed. We traveled second class and there were not enough deck chairs to go around. We tried to make ourselves comfortable seated on our bags on the open deck but here Yogi's final gesture on parting stood us in good stead. He introduced me to the chief pursuer with the request that we be looked after. As soon as the ship had pulled away from the dock the purser showed me an almost deserted deck in the first class section and told me we could make ourselves comfortable there. Needless to say we enjoyed this display of British hospitality.

The customs inspector at the dock in Dover asked me if we had anything in our bags we intended to leave behind in England. I told him no, that we were only tourists passing through. That was the extent of our customs inspection in England. We stopped for dinner at a restaurant near the docks and were delighted to once again see a menu we could read.

There was more to see in London than in any other city in which we stopped. We stayed four days in the best hotels with the best food and the best service we enjoyed throughout the trip, a fitting ending to a fine adventure. The blonde I mentioned earlier? Oh, yes, she was Dorothy Miles, a native Londoner and 1961 graduate of Gallaudet who flew back with us to take up studies at Howard University. She showed us London after dark and if

we did not find it very wicked, blame that on the presence of the ladies we had in tow.

We took our departure at almost midnight on September 4. This time we flew in a propeller driven DC-7, and there were some among us who wished we had an even slower plane. As a parting gesture to us, and to the Irish among us, both real and synthetic, KLM made an unscheduled stop at Shannon so we could tread on the Old Sod, begorra! No shillelaghs in the tax free shop but if you should happen in you must try their Irish coffee. Back to the plane where we were served a snack featured by champagne. The champagne did not stop flowing even after the snacks had been consumed, and when we ran through the plane's stock of champagne we started on the more ordinary liquids they had in the pantry. Even though we were flying away from the dawn, that night passed too soon.

The first thing Vic did after getting to the Idlewild terminal in New York was to make a beeline for the electric water cooler. You learn to appreciate such little things after you've been away from them for a time.

MICHIGAN BREEZES

Roy B. Conkling

Huge piles of snow from our house out to the road attest to the fact that we have been having a rather northern type of winter. Our weather recorders and prophets generally blame the cold weather on Canada and the Arctic. The cold comes from the Arctic via Canada, eh?

We just read in the Ohio Chronicle, publication of the Ohio School for the Deaf, of a visit paid the school by Gallaudet College's dean of women, Miss Ellizabeth E. Benson, and of her address before the Columbus Chapter of the college alumni association. The occasion was the Edward Miner Gallaudet memorial dinner on February 3. Accompanying the story of Miss Benson's visit to the Ohio School was a photo of the Gallaudet College of today, with the many splendid new buildings. I confess I was totally lost as I scanned the picture—it certainly is not the college I knew some 55 years ago. During EMG's time, Gallaudet College was the forgotten and neglected one of the national educational institutions. Today the national government is really taking notice of it and building it up into a thoroughly modern hall of higher learning, spending millions of dollars therefore. The Centennial of Gallaudet College in 1964 should bring every living alumnus and alumnae back to Kendall Green, not only to marvel at the transition in recent years, but to relive in memory's pages the days that "used to be" And, mayhaps, to tell the modernday Gallaudet student body: "Heck, you have it so soft!"

I tried, just the other day, to, at the behest of the wife, "clean out" my desk. True, I started the effort, but then I just desisted completely. There were too many cherished letters of all too many beloved

friends who now dwell in the Realm Celestial—in the Eternal Kingdom of the Beyond.

Long-gone faces came back before me as I read a few of the letters. We were talking again with Dr. Percival Hall, MacGregor, Patterson, Fox, Hodgson, Gibson, Charles Cloud, Veditz, Roberts, Meagher, Flick, Smielau, Greener, Zorn, Whildin, Michaels, Bess Michaels Riggs . . . and so on and on . . . as we read these letters. There was Ballin, too, Porter, Douglas Tilden, Eddie and Ann Foltz, Tom Marr . . . and others and others. The cleaning up of my desk was a complete flop—I put the letters, one by one, tenderly and reverently, back into the desk drawers—tied again in packs, as they have been these almost 20 years since the American Deaf Citizen went the way of things earthly . . . into oblivion . . . a thing that was and is not.

We launched the American Deaf Citizen back in 1929, against the advice of one who—one had "been through the mill," Robert P. MacGregor. I always knew him as "Profesor MacGregor." His entire lifetime, including the time spent as a teacher in the Ohio School (he did stints in the St. Louis and Cincinnati day schools, too) was spent in working, lecturing, and writing for the deaf, their well-being, and progress. The Language of Gesture and Pantomime, commonly called the "Sign Language" had no more brilliant exponent or defender. But "Hope springs eternal in the human heart"—we believed we could provide such a national publication "of, by and for the deaf" as would merit and receive their financial support. (It was not our fault that the Wall Street crash and the Great Depression came then and were to mark the years from 1929 on into the mid-thirties.)

Sometimes I think that we, the deaf, are too darned independent. We withhold our help and support, and publications which were of great value to us, our present and our future, are allowed to dry up (for lack of the main fertilizer, FUNDS, MONEY) in consequence. And, all too late, we realize what we have lost . . . lost beyond recall.

In the days of the ADC—we kept it going almost 14 years, as a service to the deaf—expenses were not so much, but at that, it was a constant fight to break even on outgo and income. What mattered it if it never paid us in a financial (money) way? It was helping our fellow deaf.

Today, the deaf of North America (and I, might add, of every country in the world have one publication they (we) can not afford to neglect or to lose . . . THE SILENT WORKER. Those working for its survival do indeed know the meaning of "blood and sweat and tears"! (The price of a year's subscription is but \$3.50.) It is the best magazine or publication ever published for and by the deaf. It is OF the deaf only as we support it with the money necessary to keep it going. Make no mistake, in these days of inflation, it is a wonder that the subscription price should be so low. It has no means of support other than its sub-

scribers—it has only a very, very tiny trickle of advertising—I'd say practically none.

Advertising is the lifeblood of any publication—and advertising contracts go almost totally to those publications which have the big subscription lists (the number of readers) that make the advertiser feel he will get the amount he pays for advertising space back in full or multiplied. National advertisers, which such a publication as THE SILENT WORKER should be able to attract, want first to know what coverage the publication has over the entire country and contiguous countries. These figures (circulation) will be the basis on which the contract, large or small, of limited or long duration, is entered into.

Maybe you have been following the solicitation of funds for the Gallaudet College Centennial—the big event in deafdom for 1964. Dave Peikoff seems to be setting his sights on a million dollars as the goal. Now, Gallaudet College is a national government supported institution; it is not supported by the deaf, but by appropriation by Congress. The President is its patron. To date the amount, cash and pledged, for the Centennial fund, is about one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000). The purpose for the fund is, to us, rather hazy. Dave is great on showmanship—and, forgive us for harboring the thought, there must be a touch of Phineas T. Barnum about his mocus operandi. However, I can not get past the thought of what one hundred thousand dollars would mean to THE SILENT WORKER. Few of our American deaf ever have the chance to attend Gallaudet—a lot of them can not even afford the cost of the trip from home to Washington and return. But THE SILENT WORKER is for ALL the deaf. Coupled with the National Association of the Deaf, it can be (and is) a source of great and lasting benefit to ALL the deaf. And it, the SW, is entirely dependent on the deaf. No one goes around pounding the tables and yelling: "You must give or else be a disgrace to the deaf!" However, I'd not go about it that way. I'd just sit down by any deaf person, and all of 'em, and say: Brother, it's time we worked for own. It's time we backed THE SILENT WORKER to the limit.

It's time we subscribed and got all of our friends to subscribe. And then these friends will induce their friends to come

(Continued on Page 26)

Hasn't all this heat fully baked that Idaho potato yet? Or is it still half-baked?
MARY

Mary had a little plane
And in it she did frisk.
Now wasn't Mary silly
Her little *

Dear Mary:

Blessed are the half-baked, for they
shall keep things hot and cookin'!!
Luff, Don

Delavan Park-Arboretum to Honor Paul Lange

By ROBERT W. HORGAN

The new park-arboretum, now being developed on the north shore of Lake Comus in the city of Delavan, Wis., will bear the name of Paul Lange, Sr., it was recently announced by the city park board.

Thus a Wisconsin city is out to show its appreciation in a big way to a man who, despite his hearing impairment, has done much to beautify the city.

Paul Lange it was more than anyone else who during his 25-year tenure on the park board until retirement in 1952 was instrumental in many changes that have taken place in the city. He saw to it that unsightly spots that were in evidence early in the century were removed or replaced. He promoted planting of flowering trees and other varieties of trees, hedges and bushes, and other improvements that have made Delavan the beautiful place it is. He encouraged development of Old Springs Park and the municipal athletic field, among others.

Mr. Lange, who is observing his 94th year of age this year, came to Delavan in 1901 as a teacher at the Wisconsin School for the Deaf. He had previously taught

for a number of years in the Evansville (Ind.) Day School for the Deaf which he helped found, following his graduation from Gallaudet College. In his undergraduate years at Gallaudet he assisted Dr. E. A. Fay of the college in gathering marriage statistics of the deaf, which convinced Dr. Alexander Graham Bell of the folly of his plan to have a federal law enacted forbidding the intermarriage of the deaf.

Paul remained at the school for 32 years until his retirement in 1933. In the meantime his love for living plants, particularly trees, had been growing so strong that he went into business as a tree surgeon. Together with his son Rudolph he operated the Lange Tree Experts Service for many years, doctoring and preserving stately trees on estates and in backyards, in and around Delavan.

Mr. Lange, who is granddaddy of four-generation Paul Langes, disclaims credit which pointed to him as founder of Wisconsin's Arbor Day, explaining that he merely second legislation to change the date of Wisconsin's Arbor Day to conform to that of the other states of the Union, which is the last Friday in April. As a result of this action, each Arbor Day Mr. Lange receives the governor's proclamation of the date.

To mark this year's Arbor Day, April 27, in Delavan, the new park arboretum will be dedicated. The park board plans to have state and national arborical representatives present for the dedication and several trees will be planted to honor Paul Lange.

The arboretum will be unique in that anyone can plant a tree in memory of a deceased or living person. Each memorial

planting will include a small marker, telling the botanical and common name of the tree, as well as the person in whose memory it is planted. Since the park will be self-supported, the minimum charge for each planting will be \$25, depending on size and species; application for a memorial planting must have approval of the park board, which provides a list of approved varieties of trees suitable for this part of the state. No other variety of a tree can be planted without permission.

The park will contain a bird sanctuary, and a lily pond and an outdoor chapel are included in future plans which also look toward long-range extension of the park around the entire lake. The area will be closed to picnics and playgrounds as the purpose of the park is to provide a quiet, restful place for adults and fishermen.

According to the park board, there is no other arboretum of this kind in Southern Wisconsin; for this reason the board feels that it will be an attraction to high school and college botany classes as well as garden clubs and home planners.

Mr. Lange is a widower; his wife died several years ago. Two of his daughters, Mrs. Laura Crosby and Mrs. Martha Kelsey, are teachers at the Wisconsin

School for the Deaf. Another daughter, Dr. Anna May Worthington, was state supervisor of deaf education in Ohio. His son Paul II and grandson Paul III are prominent in insurance business in Chicago and Evanston. Little Paul IV is the son of Paul III. Son Rudolph is a member of the park board and, as a sideline, operates a large apple orchard outside the city limits.

Despite his great age Mr. Lange continues to be active and retains a keen interest in daily goings-on, making pilgrimages to his children's homes in different states east and west of the Mississippi. He has a clear mind as witness his correspondence in lucid handwriting and translations of foreign news of the deaf for the WAD Pilot and THE SILENT WORKER, German language being his forte

Paul Lange, one of Wisconsin's few oldest living deaf, can look back with satisfaction and justifiable pride on a long span of useful life he has devoted to the education of the deaf and to the city of Delavan, a trademark that is now being carried on by his children.

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NEWS COVERAGE

The News Editor is Mrs. Geraldine Fail, 6170 Downey Avenue, Long Beach 5, California. The Assistant News Editor is Mrs. Harriett B. Votaw, 2778 South Xavier Street, Denver 19, Colorado. Correspondents should send in news so as to reach one of the news editors by the 20th of the month before publication. Pictures will be used whenever possible and will be returned when so requested. Names and addresses of owners should be written on back. The SW desires news correspondents in the states not now being served. Write Mrs. Fail for details.

California . . .

This time last month, remember, we were all het-up over the 17th Annual FAAD tournament then in progress out in Burbank. You've most likely heard how the Blue Jays ran roughshod over and all comers and ended up as undisputed champs of the FAAD for 1962; so we won't go into the details at this late date. Dick Parker, coach of the Blue Jays, ended up in the hospital just before tournament time, so Lou Dyer took over, and what Lou did not do to build up a super team just hasn't been done yet. Everyone agrees that the '62 tourney, sponsored by the Hollywood Club, was the best yet, and we must give all due credit to Chairman Robert Skinner and his committee, Patsy Gaffney, Frances and Curtis Pasley, Hal Rosenfield, Saul Lukacs, Roger Skinner, Joe DiVita, David Kishineff, Clarence Allmandinger, Kenneth Flanders, Alvin Klugman, and their all-around Girl Friday, Lil Skinner.

New officers of the FAAD, elected at the meeting held on Feb. 24, are Angel Acuna, president; George B. Elliott, vice president; and Frank Sladek, secretary-treasurer. The '63 tournament will take place in Los Angeles and will be held under the auspices of the Los Angeles Club. Acuna assured us again and again all through the tournament that he is definitely hanging up his basketball shoes, but everyone, solo and chorus, assures us we should wait and listen to what he has to say come February 1963. Old Basketball stars never retire . . . they just keep dribbling away!

The daffy doings of the silly season will come to an end, at least locally, Sunday, March 25, when the champion Blue Jays line up against the L.A. area All Stars in an exhibition game at the New Loyola High School Gym on Venice Blvd. With the Blue Jays poised for their flight to Denver, all proceeds from the game will go to help finance their trip.

Dyer's lineup includes Earl Eaker, Roland Diaz, Charles Nero, Maurice Mosley, Darby Burrell, Robert Phillips, Hiram McNure, Teddy Thomas, and Edward Aldrich. The All Stars, under Coach Joe DiVita, include John Surber, Gardy Rogers, Lester Goodman, Wayne Spears, and Gary Tyhurst, all of Los Angeles; Coy Sigman, of the San Gabriel Valley; David Longoria of Hollywood; Alex Balogi, Emil Dahm, and George D'amore of the Ephpheta Club; and Robert O'Brien of the Green and Gold. The exciting game promises to be a real windup to a real bang-up basketball season hereabouts, and we're not placing any bets as to the outcome.

And now, come next week, the big exodus begins! Looks like Our Town is gonna be almost entirely deserted whilst all the basketball fanatics take over Denver. After that, things will really start happening hereabouts with the countdown for the '63 Nationals in Los Angeles getting underway. Just one year from this coming Tuesday it will be March 27, 1963, and 'tis safe to predict that each day will be marked off on the calendar by our Lil Skinner, chairman of the Hollywood '63 Committee. Several of the folks out her way have been getting bunged up lately: Emory Gerichs fell from a scaffolding and broke a kneecap so he didn't get around to taking in the FAAD tourney although he was kept well-informed of all events by the folks who came to view that big plaster cast (and autograph same); and daughter Dorothy Gerichs Cox, who serves the Hollywood people as interpreter, decided to keep Poppa company by breaking a couple of bones in her left wrist. Lil tells us that Cecil Cowan also added to the confusion by undergoing major surgery and breaking his thumb the very day he was to be admitted to the hospital. So far, Lil herself has fared better although riding herd on the members of her committee would give a lesser gal a real case of nerves.

Dr. and Mrs. David Peikoff are due to arrive in SouCal within a few days, and folks are already scanning the horizon for them. Dr. David speaks at a gathering of the San Diego deaf first and then is due up in Riverside, Long Beach, and Los Angeles. Whilst here, the Peikoffs will be houseguests of Helen Arbuthnot of Riverside and Loel Schreiber of Los Angeles. They'll be guests of honor at a huge banquet held by the Long Beach Club at the Tahitian Village Restaurant April 7, with Ellen Grimes and Jerry Fail making arrangements and Bill Brightwell and his Muffy helping Loel see that the Peikoffs make it to all the gatherings on time.

We're looking forward to meeting the eminent Dr. David . . . somehow we've never walked the same side of the street . . . but April 7 is one date we intend to keep!

St. Patrick's Day has a lovely way of turning people green, but it was more like a "Sharing o' the Green" out Long Beach way the other Saturday evening with some four hundred gathering at Morgan Hall to join in the fun Jerry thought up for them. Sol Rosenthal walked off with a big wad of that green stuff (the folding kind) by winning the LBCD Jackpot (it hadn't been claimed since last July) and the Twist Contest gave us, and everyone else, a real "twitch" with the dancers, truth to tell, making Chubby Checker look like he was dancing the minuet! We just stood there and howled at the antics whilst judges Evelyn Ash, Muffy Brightwell, and Frances Canas conferred again and again, finally deciding that Dolores Barrett and Walter Center deserved the prize . . . a couple of passes to the June 23 Showboat Cruise. As long as the orchestra holds out, we'll probably stage more such contests . . . at least as long as that particular dance craze persists!

Others joining in the fun were Ruth Bonnet, Robert Miller, John Surber, Glen and Virginia Horton, Becky Elliott, Viri and Kathy Massey, John Fail, Hope Beasley, Berta Querre, Angelo Skropeta, Ellen Grimes, John and Susie McMenis, Mr. and Mrs. James DeLao, Earl and Verda Smith . . . and seated at a table nearby enjoying the sight of their friends dangerously close to becoming stretcher cases with twisted knees, sprained ankles, and wrenched backs, were such localites as Fred LaMonto, Bill and Muffy Brightwell, Loel Schreiber, Iva Demartini, Glen Orton, Cecil Christensen, and many more. The bar did a rushing business as a result of all that fantastic exertion with Joe Park, LBCD prexy, and committee members Ivan Nunn and Glenna Tiemens taking time out back-stage to think up further excitement for the next time around.

The number "13" figured prominently, it being the LBCD's 13th Anniversary Ball. Tho' it might be unlucky for some, it was prize night for Francis and Lila Kemp who were celebrating their 13th wedding anniversary; for Paul and Carol Barrett and Reuben and Ulah Pois who were married on the 13th of the month in 1961 and in 1925 respectively, with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Krieger barely losing out; and born on the 13th of the month were John McMenis, Mary Mendoza, Marie Stewart, O. K. Sandager, Rueben Pois, Walter White, Bea Tyner, and Elizabeth Inman. Prizes, however, went to O. K. Sandager (he's plenty okay) and John McMenis. A beautiful birthday cake was also offered for those born in the year of 1913 which brought out a surprisingly long line-up, amongst them Edna Woodward, Catherine Flanders, Mary Mendoza, Joe M. Park, Thelma Varns, Charles Himmelsbach, John Crawford, Edna White, Martha Giles, Pauline Putman, Jack Hedden, Victoria Cookson, and Walter White. Of the bunch, Pauline Putman walked off with the prize.



Mr. Ernest Stephens, father of Mrs. Clifford Putman of Los Angeles, passed away of cancer Feb. 14. Ernest became ill in January and spent a month in the hospital before death came, at the age of 75 although his youthful appearance belied his age. A frequent visitor to California, Ernest's passing is mourned by all who knew him. Burial was in Springfield, Ill. Feb. 17. Survivors include four daughters, Pauline Putman, Ruth Rayhill, Dorothy Musick, and Frances Balivia. Mrs. Putman was under a doctor's care at the time and was unable to go east to attend the funeral.

Yep, March 10 was a real blast out at Long Beach with Prexy Joe Park grinning from ear to ear and assuring us that we were his "good right hand." Prizes included one-year passes to the LBCD, bottles of champagne, boxes of See's candy, birthday cakes, Showboat cruise passes, and all sorts of things with more planned for the second of each month. Folks are reminded that the Red Tops Orchestra is a regular attraction at the LBCD, the cost be hanged!

All is happiness out Riverside way now that Mark Alan Bayarsky has come to live with Morton and Marilyn. Arriving on schedule, February 6, baby Mark weighed in at a hefty 7 lb. 14 oz. . . . a mighty fine baby boy and just what the Bayarsky's had hoped for. Despite the hustle and the bustle, Mama Marilyn found time to send us a few items concerning the folks out their way and tell us that they'll be entertaining houseguests during May: Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bayarsky of Bronx, N.Y.

The Gallaudet Alumni Association held their second annual banquet Feb. 3 at the Royal Tahitian Restaurant on Whispering Lake Golf course in nearby Ontario. Seventy attended from Riverside Chapter with several out-of-towners out on the town including Becky Elliott of Los Angeles and Eleanor Nuernberger of La Mirada.

The Alumnae members of the Phi Kappa Zeta Sorority have started a chapter in Riverside with fourteen prospective members and the Sigma Chi Chapter held a "Sweet Tooth Festival" out there March 17. Among those joining the Phi Kappa Zeta are Mmes. Bayarsky, Bernstein,

Fishler, Greathouse, Kowalewski, Newman, Schmidt, Witczak, Wukadinovich, and Pat Kitchen, Rhoda Clark, Madeline Mussmano, Helen Arbuthnot, and Miss Kubotsu.

Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Caudill of Akron, spent five weeks in Long Beach departing March 5 for Las Vegas and other points en route to Florida. Mr. Caudill recently retired, and they have been traveling ever since, visiting a son here and planning to stay several months with a daughter in Florida where they'll take in the NAD convention in Miami.

Marie Perry and Mrs. Abernathy leave Los Angeles by plane en route to the wonders of Japan April 2 with the return journey to be by ship. The two were to have been accompanied by Helen Dwyer but, as you probably know, Helen died several months ago leaving the two ladies to make the trip alone.

We have just heard that Mrs. Walton of Los Angeles died during last Christmas week. Details are lacking, but we are told that Mrs. Walton was very much excited over a pending visit from a sister in Ohio and had been very busy decorating her home for the holidays and wrapping numerous pretty packages when she suddenly complained of feeling ill. Mr. Walton helped her to lie down, but Mrs. Walton died within 15 minutes. We grieve at her passing and tender all sympathy to the family.

Friends also mourn the passing of Mr. Ernest Stephens of Springfield, Ill. and Mr. Kenneth G. Willman of Los Angeles whose deaths occurred within days of each other. Ernest died in Illinois Feb. 14 and is survived by his daughter, Mrs. Clifford Putman (nee Pauline Stephens) of Los Angeles, and three other daughters. Mr. Willman died Feb. 18 and is survived by three sisters and a nephew in addition to his wife, Cecile. Our sincere condolences to members of the bereaved families.

Completing civil defense courses in Individual Family Survival March 8 were Lillian Skinner, Jack Hedden, Ivan Nunn, Ross Bailey, Fred Gries, Jerry Fail, Ruth Bonnet, and others, including Capt. Lawson's mother, Rosalie Wallace, who served coffee and cake to the classes each Thursday. The "graduates" are justly proud of their nice "diplomas," and they earned them too by attending the class each week despite some of the worst weather SoCal has seen in decades. Lil, of Gardena, and Ruth, of El Segundo, practically had to swim thru flooded intersections to reach Long Beach. The course ended March 8, and no further gatherings are scheduled until autumn when likeable Capt. Lawson hopes to start instruction in First Aid. We'll let you know and be sure to attend . . . we not only learn something, but we have a lotta fun too!

They're advertising it all over the state and describing it as hilarious, uproarious, belly-busting, and a must-see! The initial performance of the "Charley's Aunt" company is scheduled for April 14 up in Oakland and is already a sellout! Then, on April 28 they're all flying down to Los Angeles and tickets for the show that

evening at Patriotic Hall are going, going, and almost gone according to Herb Schreiber. Directed by Leo Jacobs with a big assist from Hal Ramger, the Oakland cast includes Joe Velez, Vic Galloway, Russell Stecker, John Galvan, Emil and Mary Ladner, Joanne Kovach, Elmarie Barlow, Bonnie Velez, and Hal. They hit Our Town Friday night, the 27th, and are being boarded out at the home of friends locally for the weekend. Proceeds from the show, with T. W. Elliott billed as emcee, will be split 50-50 by the CAD and the '63 AAAD Hollywood Committee. From where we sit, it looks like a wildly hilarious weekend with all those folks in town.

Soon as Joanne Kovach gets through with her role in "Charley's Aunt," she and Ruth Bonnet take off for Sun Valley where they'll get in a bit of skiing. Ruth recently took up the sports, and we're waiting with bated breath to hear how she makes out 'cause our present supply of "get well" cards is sadly depleted due to all our friends being laid up with this 'n' that ailment.

The Long Beach Chapter of the CAD has postponed their annual Hawaiian Holiday to May 5 so as not to conflict with the April 28 production of "Charley's Aunt." The annual festival is always much anticipated and attracts a goodly crowd clad in regalia of the South Sea. There'll be the usual hula contests and big costume prizes in addition to a couple of innovations this time.

Hollywood Div. No. 119, NFSD, stages their annual Springtime Carnival on May

WANTED

Experienced Housemother to take charge of girls' dormitory in western state school for the deaf. Age 30 to 45. Salary \$5,100 annually. Must be skilled in signs and spelling. Must be able to use phone. Write in own handwriting giving all particulars to Box 34, THE SILENT WORKER.

19 this year with Max Beeson serving as chairman and assisted by Paul Fest, Connie Marchione, and Theodore Chrisner. Locale is 5501 Lankershiem Blvd. in North Hollywood, and the Carnival, an annual attraction which is always enjoyable, features many exciting games as well as dancing and prizes. The Hollywood Frats work hard each year to make it a real success.

Board members of the CAD are packing up preparatory to taking off for San Jose and the Board Meeting at 10 a.m. April 14 in the St. Claire Hotel, site of the upcoming '62 CAD convention. Items on the agenda include the election of a representative to the NAD convention in Miami; a report on plans for the rebuilding of the California Home for the Aged Deaf in Los Angeles; and a tour of the convention facilities and approval of schedule. And it is not too early to start thinking about taking in the San Jose convention the end of August, either. Have you got your dues paid up to date? If not, contact your local chapter treasurer or let Hal Ramger hear from you.

John Curtin, Jr., is off again, and this time he postals from Vera Cruz where he is enjoying a winter vacation down south of the border. A frequent visitor to Mexico, John has many friends there who go all-out to entertain him.

They threw a big surprise birthday party for Cecil Alms of Anaheim the other evening at the Jack Bearce home in Buena Park with Mrs. Leona Zander as hostess. In addition to the traditional birthday cake and candles, Cecil received numerous cards and gifts to commemorate the happy occasion.

Robert Matthews of Garden Grove writes that he has resigned as a trustee of the Orange County CAD Chapter. Bob is a busy guy and has just got too many things to attend to these hectic days.

Among those attending the Long Beach Club March 10 were Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon E. Hoag of Northern California. In a letter written to Maud Skropeta the following day, Mahlon writes: "We left Albany Feb. 5 to spend a month in Tucson with our son, Ralph, who is principal of the Arizona School, and met many old friends and made new ones down there, amongst them



After 40 years of continuous service as teacher, athletic director, and editor of The Companion, Wesley Lauritsen will retire at the end of the current school year from the staff of the Minnesota School for the Deaf, Faribault. In the above picture he is seen receiving a plaque from Clarence Esperseth (left), West Concord superintendent of schools and District 4 chairman, in recognition of his long and devoted service to district athletic events.

the Sladeks, Rogersons, Cravens, Newmans, and others I cannot recall at the moment. On Feb. 26 we stopped over in Phoenix to see Mrs. Augusta Lorenz and Mrs. Betty Bray, and while there we were pleased at meeting up with some folks we knew many years ago in Minnesota, the Arthur Petersons, and the John Stashes. The 5th of March, we came up to Los Angeles for a few days with a cousin of ours, and somehow word reached Levi Larson of Buena Park that we were in town. Levi came after us and took us to his home for a real nice visit, thence to the Long Beach Club for their big gathering where we were very happy to meet you again as well as Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sharp, Melvina Lindholm, Mrs. Lon Ramsel, Mr. Oswald, Melvin Johnson and also his brother. We also met Berta Guerre whom we knew in Oakland and Mrs. Evelyn Tibbetts. It was good to see Mrs. Fail again, and she remembered us from the '60 CAD convention when we were in San Diego. We were sorry not to have had more time but we will look for

all of you up in San Jose for the big CAD Convention the end of August." (We were glad to see you too, Mahlon, and we'll see you at San Jose.)

Agnes Baker of Inglewood entered Baldwin Hospital in Los Angeles March 23 for a week's stay during which she underwent major surgery. Her friends at the Long Beach Club promptly sent her flowers and get well cards whilst Marie Latkowski spent every minute she could with Agnes during her illness. The operation was successful, and we'll be seeing Agnes up and about again right soon.

From down San Diego way comes the news that folks got together March 11 to bid a reluctant goodbye to Mrs. Wilbur Glendhill at the Hearing Society Hall. By the time you read this, Mary will be happily settled in her new home near that of her daughter up here in nearby Burbank. Although a resident of San Diego for many years, Mary is well known in the Los Angeles' area so the move was not too unhappy for her.

New York . . .

M. D. 'S Consultations from New York City by Morris Davis:

It was with a great shock that we learned of the death of Franz L. Ascher, a New York Life Insurance agent for many years, last Feb. 17 after a gall bladder operation. He was buried in Springfield, Mass. Mr. Ascher was the founder and the former president of Laro Club, New York City, and its membership are composed of oralists and hard-of-hearing people. This club will celebrate its 15th anniversary with a banquet in New Jersey in May, and the late Mr. Ascher was the committee chairman. He was present at the Metropolitan Dramatic Club of the Deaf of New York meeting last January about a show done by the MDC actors for the banquet.

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"Washington threw a silver dollar across the Potomac. Good NADers have a better use for it . . . they throw theirs into the NAD kitty."

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This writer, after having met him for the first time, had the pleasure of going home with him via subway after the meeting. Albert Hlibock, president of the MDC, will direct the plays for the banquet. All the deaf who knew Franz extend condolences to Mrs. Franz Ascher.

John Cassavetes, TV's Johnny Staccato and star of stage and screen, visited the Hebrew Association of the Deaf clubroom last December. He was planning a film and was interested in shooting a scene in the clubroom. After mingling with deaf members, signing autographs, and exchanging jokes, he went downstairs to one of the rooms accompanied by Ron Miller, the hearing group worker, who introduced him to the members of the HAD dramatic group. Mr. Cassavetes sat in on a rehearsal of a comedy skit in which Thelma Miller was portrayed, as nurse; Bob Halligan, the doctor; your reporter, the dummy; and Director LeRoy Subit the patient. Mr. Cassavetes rolled in the aisles with laughter at the antics of the deaf players. The skit was entitled "Magic Machine." Each time a patient would come in with itches or twitches, Dr. Halligan with the use of his machine, transferred these ailments to the dummy, thereby curing the patient. In the end, the dummy got the nurse and the money, and the doctor appears to be quite ill. Mr. Cassavetes enjoyed his visit and plans another.

Ex-Gov. Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, now Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, sent his staff of about 40 people to the HAD last Jan. 31 to see the command performance of the "Magic Machine." This time the nurse was Margaret Solomons; Bob Halligan, the doctor; Morris Davis, the dummy; LeRoy Subit, Ralph, and Edith Chaplan, the patients. There were also many deaf people present, and everyone was convulsed with laughter. Ron Miller, who arranged this enjoyable affair, then invited the hearing guests and the deaf actors downstairs to have coffee and cake. Everyone of the guests had the time of his life learning the deaf language from Ron Miller and the performers while eating.

Ron Miller, a young man of 28 and an ex-professional basketball player, is in charge of different deaf club groups under the auspices of the Jewish Society for the Deaf. Mr. Miller was sent to the Gallaudet College in 1957 to learn the basic deaf language under the tutelage of Dean Elizabeth Benson and Dr. Peter Wisher and stayed there several months, acquiring the knowledge of deaf signs by mingling with the college students. He is presently coaching the basketball team of Public School #47, the only junior high school for deaf children in New York, to victories

in Junior High School Athletic League basketball games. They have so far won six games by large margins and are still undefeated. There is a Deaf Bowling League, organized by Mr. Miller and sponsored by the Jewish Society for the Deaf. It is composed of eight teams with non-sectarian members. There are 56 young men and women on their respective teams vying against each other every Saturday.

The Eastern Athletic Association of the Deaf Basketball Tournament was held at Bridgeport, Conn., on March 9-11. The

Golden Tornadoes AC of New York City, champion of the New York Athletic Association of the Deaf, lost to the Pittsburgh quintet under "General" Frank Sheldone, 75-62, after being deadlocked for the first three quarters. Dorrell of the Pittsburgh team won the Most Valuable Player award. Many New Yorkers gravitated to the City of Bridgeport to witness the annual tournament and boost their GTAC to win the right to represent the EAAD at the AAAD National Basketball Tournament in Denver.

Albert Berke, Jack Marino, and Ira Lerner were re-elected president, vice president, and secretary-treasurer, respectively. Next year's tournament of the EAAD will be held at Hartford, Conn., March 8-10, 1963. Barbara Dickinson of Washington, D. C., was crowned Queen of the EAAD. James Barrack, secretary-treasurer of the AAAD, came all the way from Towson, Md. The Bernard Cestulidines of Denver, Max Friedman and Joseph Worzel, former presidents of the EAAD., Abraham Barr, former vice president of the AAAD, Norman Finkelstein, president of the Union League, and James Stern, former secretary-treasurer of the EAAD were there. Harry Letowitch and Albert Parnes invited all guests and Norman Feig, the Murray Finkelsteins, the Alfred Ganaths, and the Aaron Kesslers to their room to celebrate Sheldon Plavsky's birthday. Other visitors to Bridgeport were Mr. and Mrs. Simon Gleicher, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Nikalous, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Perrone, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hand, Mr. and Mrs. Abe Israel, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Abrams, Mrs. Max Friedman, Mrs. Joe Worzel, Sam Cohen, Ben Friedwald, Robert Fielder, and Jack Seltzer.

John Seidel and his wife, Thelma, moved to Pittsfield, Mass., recently. John has obtained a new job with General Electric Corp. after acquiring a master's degree from New York University. He has been working for New York Life Insurance Co. as an auditor.

Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Kenner went on their annual trip last month, this time enjoying a two-week Caribbean cruise.

Jimmy and Bea Quinn recently returned from Los Angeles, where Bea visited her sister for six weeks, and Jim followed three weeks later. Bea spoke very highly of the Los Angeles Hebrew Association of the Deaf.

Danny Cohen of Montreal, Canada, and Solomon Deitch of Chicago, both non-resident members of Union League of the Deaf, attended last month's club meeting. Now that the annual winter exodus for

the deaf to the Sunny South is in season, the following are in Miami Beach, Fla., for some weeks: the Joseph Schultzes, the Louis Blumenthals, and the Hyman Feigens together; and three charming ladies, Jane Becker, Fay Cohen and Mae Fielder left for a 15-day Caribbean cruise. The Nathan Schwartzes just returned from a few weeks' visit to Nat's relatives in Norfolk, Va. Sam Lessman, 81, also arrived home from his annual visit to his brother in Miami Beach looking well and tanned.

Colorado . . .

By the time you read this, the AAAD basketball tournament will have come and gone in the Mile-High City of Denver. To those who came and enjoyed themselves, we extend a THANKS, and to those who did not come, we inquire. "Are you sorry you didn't come?"

The Host Committee has tremendous plans and not a moment to be wasted. On Wednesday night, April 4, there is a Get-Acquainted Buffet Supper for the AAAD Executive Board, hosted by the Host Committee and officers of the Silent Athletic Club. Herb Votaw, tour chairman, and Ronald Jones, his assistant, have wonderful tours lined up for Thursday, April 5, to the top of Loveland Pass (14,992 feet) and on Friday, April 6, to the Air Force Academy and the Pikes Peak region. At the interval between the third and fourth place, game and the championship game on April 7 we will have a Navajo Indian dance exhibition, and at the Grand Ball in the evening the trophies will be presented to the winners by Miss Rosemary Larson, the official "Miss Rodeo Colorado, 1961"—a beautiful blonde of 19.

The SAC of Denver was greatly honored by the presence of several prominent deaf men at the Swedish Dinner (prepared by Mrs. Anna Anderson, mother of Dick Anderson) at the SAC building Feb. 10. They were Dr. Boyce R. Williams and Messrs. Alexander Fleischman, Herbert Schreiber, Frank B. Sullivan, Malcolm Norwood, Don Pettingill, Lowell J. Myers, and Louie Fant, Jr. Dr. Byron B. Burnes was not able to attend. They came here to attend the first National Symposium on the Deaf Driver. Representing the Denver deaf at the Symposium were Messrs. Charles Billings, Don Warnick, Fred Schmidt, and Roland Greb who had been working with Judge Sherman G. Finesilver to make it a big success. Mesdames Betty Fry, Vera Hassan, Bertha Krondrotis, Bernice Weadick, Bonnie Melphly and Mabel Finnel gave freely of their time and efforts in interpreting for the deaf leaders. They deserve the warm thanks of us all.

Around 125 people attended the dinner—the first one in the history of the SAC, and it was so successful that we should have more of them. Mrs. Anna Anderson was the chef, and the tables were brightly

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adorned in checkered tablecloths according to the Swedish custom by Mrs. Nancy Buckmaster. Those on the committee were dressed in Swedish costumes adding to the Scandinavian atmosphere.

Ronald Jones, Bert Younger, and Maxine Kaplan were among the Denverites attending the NWAAD tourney in Salt Lake City March 2-3. They went by plane.

Our sympathy goes to Arthur Cornish whose mother passed away in February. He went to Oklahoma for the funeral.

Mrs. Bob (Caddie) Brown was honored with a little farewell party at the home of the Dick Andersons Feb. 18. The Andersons had invited her over to dinner, and after dinner they all went upstairs to play cards. Meanwhile Elsie Reynolds, Ruby Pavalko, and Marlene Hinrichs prepared the surprise farewell party on the first floor. About 25 other friends came in and remained to surprise Caddie. She received a nice cash gift and a lot of gift hankies to catch her tears of surprise. A lovely cake decorated with many pretty roses and the words "Good Luck to Bob and Caddie" was served with other refreshments. We all just sat around and visited the rest of the evening. Her husband Bob was in Los Angeles at that time but came a few days later to help her drive back to Los Angeles. We wish them good luck, and hope they will be able to move back to Denver some day.

District of Columbia . .

News in these parts seems to be basketball and bowling. DCCD cagers won the SEAAD for the nth time and are eagerly awaiting the National tournament in Denver. Many localites are planning on going and hope to see their team win the tournament. Team coach this year is Charles Core who has piloted the DCCD boys through one of their most successful seasons.

In a recent duckpin tournament, Leroy Christian came in fourth with 710-732-742 for \$300 prize money. Commendable was the fact that he had to compete with others from far away places and was topped only by two other local bowlers. Maybe the Virginia air has something to do with it.

The National Capital Deaf Bowling Association gals didn't fare so well in the city tournament. They were against some tough competition and as most of them had never entered a tournament before, nervousness and the newness of the bowling lanes figured in their downfall. The team consisted of Hilary Ainbender, Jean Zisman, JoAnn Ikerd, Elaine Haines, and Sue Scott. They are thinking of entering the HAD tourney in Philadelphia come June and hope they do better then.

We had barely recuperated from the marriage-minded of 1961 when up comes the Valentine's Day announcement of the engagement of Agnes Dunn to Ronald Sutcliffe. Both Agnes and Suttly work at Gallaudet, Agnes as P. E. instructor to the preparatory students and Suttly is connected with the business office. It seems odd that they come from Nebraska and

Iowa respectively but it took 11 years for the romance to blossom. The wedding will be an event of July 14 here in D.C.

Jerald Jordan has been endorsed by the SEAAD and the DCCD for the chairmanship of the International Games for the Deaf to be held here in '65. It will be one of the biggest and hardest jobs ever tackled by an individual hereabouts but, knowing Jerry, it is bound to be a success.

The Fourth Mardi Gras celebration was held March 3 in the women's gym at Gallaudet. And this year, the weather cooperated for a change. Agnes Dunn chairmanned the affair which was attended by 120 persons. Willard Madsen ruled as King Rex while Ruth Phillips was queen. Prizes went to the most original: Dorthea Madsen as a birthday cake and James Casey as a yo-yo eyed Martian. Prizes for the funniest costumes went to Barbara Stevens as a frustrated student and Doug Burke as a rabbit. Mrs. Emanuel Golden as Cleopatra and Gil and June Eastman as a

Roman couple walked off with prizes for the prettiest costumes. The floor show was good, consisting of my appropriate numbers with George Johnston and Debbie Sonnenstrahl doing a southern waltz, Carol Dorsey giving a rendition of "Walking to New Orleans," and June Eastman's lovely "New Orleans." The local folks are already looking forward to next year's event.

Daisy D'Onfrio was in the hospital a couple of weeks with paralyzation of the stomach, and Gladys Ewan also underwent surgery during March. Several others came down with the flu and virus, but otherwise few illnesses have been reported.

We welcome the Ralph Millers, formerly of Chicago, and parents of Betty Miller, a faculty member at Gallaudet. Also here from Chicago are the Meyer Rosenblatts. Wife Sylvia is continuing her studies at Gallaudet and Meyer is employed by the Evening Star.

We welcome Miss Dorothea Sue Scott of Washington, D.C., to our little family of news correspondents and many thanks to her for the above news items.

These items were contributed by Kit Schreiber:

A lovely occasion took place on Saturday, March 10 at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Rockville, in the form of a wedding for Miss Carlotta Drake and Gary Eckhart. The bride is the daughter of Warren and Jackie Drake, well known members of the DCCD. The bride was beautifully dressed in a nylon and chantilly lace gown with a chapel train and her headpiece was a simple crown with a shoulder length veil. She carried a bouquet of roses, lily of the valley centered with a white orchid. The bride's mother was attired in a lovely light blue silk two-piece dress with matching blue corsage and beige accessories.

Immediately following the wedding was a reception at Capri's Restaurant in Wheaton where the guests were heavenly entertained with a buffet luncheon followed by dancing to a three-piece orchestra. Some of the guests present were the Tom Cuscadens, the Roger Scotts, the Alexander Fleischmans; the Bill Stiffers,

the Fred Schreibers, the Dan Lynchs, the Irving Hobermans, the Dick Caswells, the Fred Normans, Jane Norman and the Carmen Tiberios. The bride's grandmother from Little Rock, Ark., Mrs. Ruby Walls, came down for the wedding and a week's visit. Mr. and Mrs. Race Drake also came from Little Rock for the very special event and a grand chance to see all of their friends again as well as their son in Gallaudet. The event was so nice from beginning to end and lasted until late in the afternoon when the happy couple departed in a shower of rice for a northern honeymoon.

Kitty McCarter left Gallaudet College and joined Judy Reeves and Hilary Ainbender in their apartment. Kitty will be married in August to Bob Dillman who is studying at Gallaudet College. She obtained a position as file clerk at the Credit Bureau.

A baby shower was given in honor of Mrs. Ralph (Barbara) Winstead at the DCCD on Feb. 25. The refreshments and party were sponsored by the Home Maker Guild and hostessed by Alice Hagemeyer who did an excellent job.

Mrs. Gladys Ewans underwent an operation at Columbia Hospital. She is doing fine at this writing.

The Milton Cormans invited the Phillip Slaughters to dinner on Feb. 24 to celebrate Lillian's birthday. Afterward they all went for a ride across the new Roosevelt Bridge on the way to the Francis Barbers' home where a crowd of friends was waiting. Lillian was surprised by the crowd and the party in her honor. About 30 people were invited. She received many lovely gifts and cash.

Harry Hoberman, son of the Irving Hobermans, Robert Herdtfelder, son of the Gus Hertfelder, Bert and Nelson, sons of the Gervaise, all are members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Every Sunday from 12:00 to 12:30, Nelson speaks on the radio for the J.C.C.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holter were in a bad accident when their car went off the road and rolled down an embankment on their way back from Atlanta. Mr. Holter suffered from cuts on his face that required 15 stitches. His wife was bruised and both were badly shaken up. The car was a total loss.

Glenn Coffey has received a 10-year service award from the Government Printing Office.

Congrats to Mrs. Sylvia Rosenblatt for making the Dean's List at Gallaudet and to her hubby, Meyer, for keeping the home fires burning while the Mrs. studies. Former Chicagoans, the couple reside on Grubb Road, off East-West Highway.

Mary Voorhees was mighty surprised when on her birthday she was presented with a huge birthday cake decorated with icing and candles at GPO cafeteria. A week later Georgette Fleischman was similarly surprised and feted, and shortly afterwards they were promoted.

**\$3.50 brings you your own
SILENT WORKER**

Illinois . . .

Frank Sullivan sky-ed to Denver Feb. 10 to participate in the National Symposium on the Deaf Driver. Denver's Municipal Judge Sherman G. Finesilver directed the council of hearing and deaf leaders. Main discussions covered the needs and responsibilities of the deaf as well as their role as drivers on the nation's highways. Frank made his speech on opening day. Malcolm Norwood, Washington, D.C., shared the stage with him to do oral interpretation. While in Denver, Frank dropped in on Ida Roberts' sister who lives there.

The Christian Deaf Fellowship of Temple Baptist Church in Kankakee held a Valentine party Feb. 10. The Ralph Bräseles and the Berry Reynoldses (at whose home the party took place) served as hosts and hostesses. Those attending were the Sam Millicks, Edward Miruses, Cornelius Den-Dekkers, John Tubergens, Maynerd Distads, Bob Richardsons, the Fred Tells and the Fred Ullrichs. Also present were Mrs. Millick's sister Darlene, George Brislen, Mary Belshaw, and Leonard James. The group surprised Paula Reynolds with a birthday cake.

A hit-run driver ran down Charles Green, 80, at Damen and Erie Streets. Green succumbed February 9 at Cook County Hospital from a bout with pneumonia contacted in his injured condition.

Cora O'Neil, 81, slipped on ice outside the CCD Feb. 10. A patrol wagon sped her to Ravenswood Hospital where x-rays disclosed a broken hip. Latest report listed her condition critical despite a successful hip surgery and two blood transfusions.

Two other ladies who underwent the knife in February were Ruth Sharpnack for obstruction of the esophagus and Eleanor Grahn for a dislocated knee joint.

John Tubergen's oldest daughter, Joanne, broke her ankle in gym class at school the first Friday of March. The following Monday she was released from Elmhurst Hospital with her right leg in cast from hip to toes. Joanne has to endure the cast eight weeks.

Deafville mourned Emily Miller, 77, who died of a heart attack Feb. 22 at the home of her daughter, Beatrice Davis. She leaves her husband, Joseph, and another daughter, Jean Fitzpatrick. A beautiful spray from Donald Padden of Washington, D.C., was on display at the Moeller Parlor funeral service. Padden, professor of physical education at Gallaudet, was Mrs. Miller's favorite nephew.

The son-in-law of Mrs. Guy Favorite passed away recently.

FAST TAKES . . . Ruth Vanderplow and Frank Rajski were secretly married Jan. 13. The secret lasted three weeks . . . The Ralph Millers sold their Northbrook house in mid-February and moved to Washington, D.C. . . . Patrick and Jean Fitzpatrick celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary Valentine's Day.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Sullivan took off for Florida in February. They will be on the road two months and will stop in Miami to visit the Larry Leitsons.

Also on the lam from Chicago's ice and snow February 3-22 were the Meyer Rabins who spent 11 days in balmy Hawaii. They totaled five jet transfers on their itinerary through San Francisco, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Las Vegas, and back to Slush Land.

The CCD has a skyscraper in its midst! Newcomer Bill Barrett from Georgia who towers 6'5" in his socks, replaced John Breslin as veep. Breslin had to resign from that office after a change in his working hours at the Tribune.

Ill health compelled Abe Rosow to resign as finance-secretary of the CCD. Jerry Madill was elected to the post for the rest of the year.

Nine Arkansans migrated to the area the last few years. They are Patsy and Acey Holt, Johnny and Mary Plunkett, Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Jones, Jimmy Langston, Bobby Smith, and Lindy Jones. The Holts and the Plunketts are awaiting the stork. Langston has a brother on the Northlake police force.

John Otto, Springfield, and Walter Maack, Collinsville, were in town Feb. 24 to confer with IAD's President Warshawsky over plans for the Illinois Home of the Aged Deaf.

SILENT WORKER Editor Jess Smith was here the same day wind up business matters of his own. Jess kept a luncheon date with Frank Sullivan and had dinner with Leonard Warshawsky.

Otto, Maack, and Smith took in Frat Division No. 1's Masked Ball affair at the CCD during the evening.

Arthur Werkmeister and Florence Butchnus middle-aided it Saturday noon, March 3, in Nativity of Blessed Virgin Mary Church. A reception immediately followed the ceremony at Sharko's on the south side. Florence was given a pre-nuptial shower by Cora Konicki.

March 8 marked the day Francis Fitzgerald attained 25 years seniority at Harper & Wyman Co. (gas ranges) on the south side. Coworkers, presented him a case containing 25 silver dollars at a special coffee 'n' cake break they took for the occasion. Later Francis will receive a wrist watch at the company's award banquet.

Fort Dearborn Lodge No. 4 F&AM, the deaf chapter of the Masons, will have its first annual banquet at Henrici's Saturday evening, March 31. Fred Hinrichs is chairman of the affair. John Tubergen is Worshipful Master of Lodge 4 for 1962.

The John Tubergens are having a \$27,000 four-bedroom, two-story home built on a quarter acre lot in the Butterfield development in Lombard. The house will feature authentic American Heritage detail.

Three other couples who also joined the Home Mortgage Club this year are the Berry Reynoldses of Kankakee, the Johnny Plunketts in nearby Downers Grove, and the newly-wedded Arthur Werkmeisters in one of the southwest suburbs.

These items were contributed by Terry McCloud, 509 North Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

RECOMMENDED!

4th Biennial Convention
of the

NATIONAL CONGRESS OF JEWISH DEAF



A national body advocating religious spirit, traditions, ideals and fellowship for Jewish deaf.



at AIR-CONDITIONED Sheraton-Park Hotel, Connecticut Ave. and Woodley Road, N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.



**Wednesday . . .
to Saturday . . .**

AUGUST 15-18, 1962



TENTATIVE PROGRAM

August 15—Panel and Reception

August 16—Meeting, Gala Night, Miss NCJD beauty contest, dance contests, gayety.

August 17—Meeting; Banquet

August 18—Sabbath Services conducted by Deaf Rabbi Alton Silver; Dance and Floor Show.

TEEN-AGE ACTIVITIES ARRANGED

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Watch for Further Details!

-:- EMPIRE STATE NEWS -:-

Vol. XXV

APRIL, 1962

No. 2

Have I your correct address?
If not, please send it to:
Claude H. Samuelson, Editor
Empire State News
108 Spencer Road
Rochester 9, N. Y.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Printed in this issue is the summary of the meetings of the New York State Division of Vocational Rehabilitation and the Empire State Association of the Deaf representatives and Workshop. Read it carefully and realize what we have been doing.

Read the article on deaf beggars and my letter. May I suggest that you write letters to your newspaper similar to mine. I feel sure that panhandling will be at a minimum if the public is warned.

The Rochester Local Convention Committee is still busy on the plans of the 44th Biennial Convention of the Empire State Association of the Deaf to be held in Rochester August 29 to September 1, 1962. The Convention program will be in the May issue of the E. S. News (SILENT WORKER). Save the date for your vacation.

We are anticipating our journey to Utica to make the acquaintance of the Utica members at their meeting on March 17 and to tell of my trip to New York and the preliminary meeting of the Empire State Association of the Deaf representatives with the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation.

ESADically yours,
Claude H. Samuelson

The University of the State of New York
The State Education Department

February 19, 1962

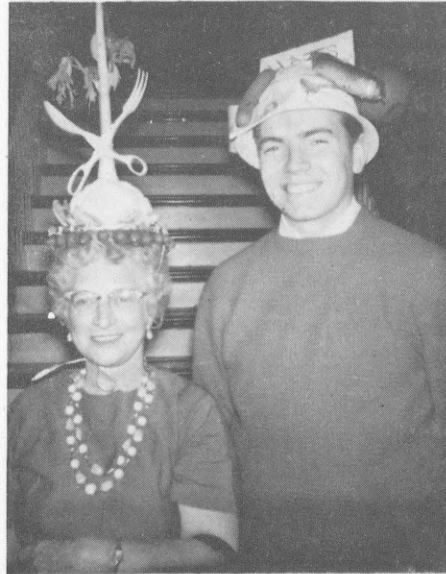
Mr. Claude H. Samuelson, President
Empire State Association of the Deaf
108 Spencer Road
Rochester 9, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Samuelson:

The Division of Vocational Rehabilitation was very glad that you made the long trip from Rochester to be present at our meeting with representatives of your Association. We wish to thank you for your assistance and for the opportunity of discussing with you and other members of the Association some of the problems and relationships with the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation.

I am attaching a summary of some of our discussion at the meeting, and listing future plans. In the near future, I hope to contact you and other members in reference to the preparation of material on Division of Vocational Rehabilitation service.

We were very grateful for the considerable help of the many members of the Empire State Association of the Deaf



Bertha Samuelson and Edward Adair are shown wearing their prize-winning hats they created for the Mad Hatters Social on January 20.

at the workshop on "Communication with the Deaf."

Attached is a program which you may be interested in.

Yours truly,
Marion Martin
Acting Assistant Director

SUMMARY OF THE JOINT MEETING OF THE DIVISION OF VOCATIONAL REHABILITATION OF THE NEW YORK STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT AND THE EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

On January 11, 1962, at the New York City office of the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation, Mr. John Cummings, the director, and staff representatives held a meeting with the Empire State Association of the Deaf representatives for the purpose of discussing services for the deaf. The following representatives of both organizations were present:

The Division of Vocational Rehabilitation: John Cummings, director; Marion Martin, acting assistant director; Nelson A. Voorhees, district supervisor, New York City office; Helen Dicker, associate counselor, New York City office; Frances Yauch, senior counselor, New York City Office.

Empire State Association of the Deaf: Claude H. Samuelson, president, Empire State Association of the Deaf; Albert Berke; Albert W. Davis; Mrs. Jack Ebin; Mrs. Frances Friedman; Max Friedman.

The basis for the meeting was the desire on the part of the Empire State Association of the Deaf to discuss with OVR some of the problems that members of their or-

ganization were having in reference to their applications for services to the OVR. Examples were given by the representatives of the Association of problems, such as communication, waiting time for services, reporting for medical examinations, referrals to other agencies, and placement. In addition to this matter of direct service, the Association made the recommendation that the Division should employ a counselor, preferably deaf, who would really understand the deaf person, and would be able to communicate by the manual as well as the oral method. There was considerable discussion by representatives of both organizations on all of these points.

The representatives of the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation explained the reasons for their policy in the following ways:

General Medical Examination

All clients of the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation are requested to have a general medical examination for the purpose of determining a person's general physical condition and for the establishment of eligibility for service.

Speciality Medical Examination

If it is possible to secure sufficient medical data or history to establish deafness and its cause, the medical consultant may waive the general requirements of a specialist medical examination; if on the other hand it is not possible to secure the information, or medically it appears advisable to have an examination, the client may be asked to undergo a specialist medical examination. This method is in use at the present time in the New York City office, and will be considered for the upstate offices.

Referral to Other Agencies

An explanation was given by DVR that referral of a client is made to other agencies for assistance in placement, family or personal counseling, recreational activities, and sometime psychological services. This method is in use, not only for persons who are deaf, but for all clients of the Division.

Employment of a Deaf Counselor

The Civil Service requirements for the positions of Rehabilitation Counselor and Rehabilitation Counselor Trainee were given by the Director. It was explained that all positions in the agency are in the competitive class under the Civil Service system of New York State. Any deaf person who is qualified may file an application when the examinations are scheduled. Some information in reference to the requirements is being sent to the Empire State Association of the Deaf. If the members of the Association know of any person who could qualify, it was suggested that they encourage him to file. Appointments are made under Civil Services regulations and based on openings in the title in the State.

Training and Placement Services

It was explained that if a person with satisfactory experience and/or training in any occupation, such as a trade or profession, was unemployed and came to the Division for services, he would be referred to the New York State Employment Service, as his need was for placement rather than for rehabilitation services. But if because of automation, lack of employment opportunities in the home area, in sufficient skill, or some similar situation, a person required re-training or other substantial services in order to become employed, he would be accepted as a client of the Division.

Future Plans

The Division of Vocational Rehabilitation will prepare short informational statements for distribution to the deaf on the following topics:

1. Services of the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation

2. Division of Vocational Rehabilitation Procedures

(New York City - Upstate)

When these are in draft form a staff member of the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation will confer in person and/or in writing with the representatives of the Association. When this material is printed, a sufficient supply will be given to the Empire State Association of the Deaf for distribution to their members.

A joint meeting of representatives of the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation, the New York Employment Service, and the Empire State Association will be arranged in the spring of 1962.

Joint meetings between the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation and the Empire State Association of the Deaf will be arranged for the discussion of problems, frequency dependent upon need, but there will be at least an annual meeting.

The Division of Vocational Rehabilitation has arranged for special training and work with the deaf for the counseling staff.

**NEW YORK STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT DIVISION OF VOCATIONAL REHABILITATION
WORKSHOP PROGRAM — COMMUNICATION WITH THE DEAF
HOTEL NEW YORKER — HARTFORD ROOM**

January 29 — February 2, 1962

Monday, January 29

Dr. Edna C. Levine, Chairman

- 9:15 Registration of Participants
9:30-9:45 Welcome to the Conferees and Introduction of the Faculty—Dr. Salvatore DiMichael, Adrian Levy, John Cummings.
9:45-10:15 Objectives of the Conference—Marion Martin.
10:30-10:45 O.V.R. Services for the Deaf—Boyce Williams.
10:45-12:00 Who are the Deaf?—Richard Phillips.

- 1:15-3:00 Richard Phillips, chairman panel: Vocational Rehabilitation Experiences and Problems of the Deaf—Martin Steinberg, Albert Hlibok, Frances Friedman.
Panel: Representative Problems of Rehabilitation Counselors with Deaf Clients—Irring Wayler, Edith Dodson, Elizabeth Raimann.
3:15-4:30 Workshop Seminar. Dr. Edna S. Levine, Chairman. Exploring Means for Facilitating the Rehabilitation Process and the Counselor's Work with the Deaf.

Tuesday, January 30

Roberta DeMar, Chairman

- 9:15-10:15 Review of Purpose and Methods of Individual Appraisal: Indirect and Direct Examination, Introspective Reporting—Dr. Edna S. Levine
10:30-11:30 Communicative Handicaps to Individual Appraisal—Richard Phillips.
11:30-12:00 Demonstration: Communication with the Deaf—Dr. Edna S. Levine, Richard Phillips.
Tuesday, January 30
1:15-2:15 Demonstration: Interviewing Deaf Clients—Richard Phillips.
2:15-2:45 Interpreting the Interview—Dr. Edna Levine.
3:00-4:30 Workshop Seminar. Dr. Edna S. Levine, Chairman. Exploring Mean for a More Effective Use of Interdisciplinary Information in Achieving Unity of Service.

Wednesday, January 31

Helen Dicker, Chairman

- 9:15-10:15 General Rationale of Psychological Testing (Lecture-Demonstration)—Dr. Murray Safian.
10:30-11:30 Psychological Testing and Work Evaluations with the Deaf—Dr. Emil Zabell.
11:30-12:00 Psychological Testing and Observation - A Summary—Dr. Edna S. Levine.
1:15-3:45 Demonstrations: The Testing Process. Appraisal Interview and Interpretation. Preparation of the Deaf Clients for Testing. Test Administration and Interpretation. Counseling Interview: Discussion of Test Results—Dr. Murray Safian, Dr. Emil Zabell.
4:00-4:30 Registration for Practicum (Thursday)
7:00 P.M. Social Evening Arranged by Tanya Nash, Jewish Society for the Deaf, 171 W. 85th St., New York, N. Y., Host: Adults Sign-

Makers Group, recreation director.

Thursday, February 1

- 9:15-3:15 Supervised Practicum in Communications
Group I Hartford Room
Group II Raleigh Room
Group III South Room
Group IV Buffalo Room
Practicum Supervisors: R. DeMar, E. Dodson, E. Levine, T. Nash, H. Page, M. Safian, F. Yauch, E. Zabell.
3:30-4:30 Workshop Seminar. Dr. Edna S. Levine, Chairman Exploring Means for a More Effective Use of Psychological and Test Information.

Friday, February 2

Marion Martin, Chairman

- 9:15-10:45 Community Services and Resources. Pastoral Services Organizations of and for the Deaf. Special Schools for the Deaf—Rev. Thomas F. Cribben, Albert Berke, Tanya Nash.
11:00-12:00 Closing Workshop Seminar. Dr. Edna S. Levine, Chairman. Exploring the Means for a More Effective Intergration of Community Resources in Behalf of the Deaf.
12:00-12:30 Closing Remarks — Marion Martin.

Mr. James Galloway, superintendent of the Rochester School for the Deaf, attended the morning session on Friday, February 2.

ROCHESTER

The Christmas holidays gave us a long recess and January 17 found us ready for our first RCAD meeting of 1962. It was well attended, and we enjoyed the spaciousness of the Terrace Room after the cubby-hole sized room we had been occupying previously. There were animated discussions concerning plans for the 1962 ESAD Convention to be held here August 29-September 1 with Mrs. Alice Beardsley as chairman and Jim Davis as program chairman. A coffee hour was enjoyed. Our 1962 membership drive is now on. Please join up and take part in the discussions at the convention and have things the way you want them.

A "Mad Hatter Social" was enjoyed on February 10 with Mrs. Virginia Erickson as chairman. Mrs. Bertha Samuelson and Edward Adair won prizes for the craziest hats while the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Veron Hicks drew the lucky number for the door prize. New games, led by Delbert Erickson and Mis Gayle Stewart, teachers at RSD, were enjoyed. Cake and coffee were served. We regret to say that the pictures taken are not available at

this time.

A White Elephant Sale and bazaar, chairmanned by Mrs. Jessica Allison, was held at the Lutheran Church on February 20. Financially, it turned out to be the most successful affair so far of our fund raising projects for the convention. Unsold articles were auctioned off.

We are looking forward to our Mardi Gras on March 3 and hope the weather is favorable. Today we have a beautiful snowstorm and have to hoof it to the market for our weekend supplies. The plows have not been around yet. Caught napping after our spring weather?

The RCAD Queen will be crowned at the Mardi Gras. Qualifications are that she must have chairmanned one or more socials plus served on committees, etc. There are six entries. In other words, she will be the one who has best served RCAD.

At the Ninth Annual Individual Classic Bowling Tournament held at Sunset Bowling Hall on November 11, 1961, Leonard Van Vechten, our RCAD treasurer of six years' standing, won \$200 plus \$10 and the championship trophy for high singles, 223 pins.

John Hageman and Julius Stein were initiated into the 25-year Club of Delco Appliance Division of General Motors Corporation at its 25-year Club banquet held at the Sheraton Hotel February 22. They received gold watches. Claude Samuelson, who has just completed 37 years service at Delco, witnessed the event.

We regret to say that Sadie Stein is still a patient at the Jewish Home for the Aged and Infirm where she is recuperating from a broken hip suffered in a fall. We hope she will soon be able to walk and return home.

On December 3, Mrs. Mary Fowler passed away after a short illness although she had been in failing health for some time. We rejoice in the thought that she is reunited with their son who, at an early age, gave his life in the service to his country: thus she was Gold Star Mother. We extend sympathy to her husband Emery who is now living at the Monroe County Infirmary. They did enjoy our socials. Let's not forget Emery—Helen F. Samuelson.

BUFFALO

ESAD President Claude Samuelson and Mrs. Samuelson were in Buffalo for the October 21, 1961, meeting of the Buffalo Civic Association of the Deaf. It proved to be a lively meeting for the visitors when the members peppered them with questions concerning the 100th anniversary of the ESAD in 1965.

November 11, 1961, was a Red Letter Day for the deaf in general. Remembering how successful the first parcel post sale was a large crowd attended. Parcels sent in from all over the country were displayed and sold with dispatch. A percentage of the proceeds from the sale was sent to the Gallaudet Home for the Aged Deaf at Poughkeepsie. Miss Nancy Siegel had charge of the affair.

January 21, 1962, was another interesting day for the BCAD. After a brief meeting, two Civil Defense representatives from City Hall showed slides and movies of different phases of civil defense and distributed pamphlets stressing preparedness in the event of a nuclear attack. It was an interesting experience for these two men who had not met any deaf people previously. They mentioned another phase of civil defense which they wanted to explain to us at a later date, so we are planning for them to come to our next meeting March 31.

The Buffalo Club for the Deaf staged a most successful Watch Night party last December 31. All the refreshments and drinks a person wanted for only \$5.00 lured a large attendance. In spite of the inclement weather more than 80 came to help ring out the old year and usher in the new. A repeat of this kind of party has been promised for next New Year's Eve.

William Heacock and Kevin Milligan, first-year students at Gallaudet College, were in Buffalo for the Christmas holidays. Kevin, a former Buffalonian and a great basketball player at St. Mary's School, now lives in California. William is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Heacock of Buffalo.

The 20th annual tournament of the ESAD Bowling Association will be held at the Ambert Bowling Center on East Amherst Street March 24-25, 1962, under the auspices of the Buffalo Club for the Deaf. No doubt a record attendance will be noted as Buffalo is well known as the City of Good Neighbors.

Charles Snyder of Lockport is spending the month of February in Daytona Beach, Fla. His daughter and family accompanied him to this famous resort.

Joseph Pontius, Sr., died suddenly of a heart attack November 30, 1961. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Anna Pontius; a son, Joseph, Jr., of Buffalo; two daughters, Mrs. Mary Ann Halichek of Columbus, O., and Mrs. Rita Billy of Buffalo; and seven grandchildren.

Mrs. Josephine Rose, 80, of Lockport passed away December 28, 1961, after a lingering illness. She left six sons, 22 grandchildren, and 17 great-grandchildren to mourn the loss of a devoted mother and grandmother.

Mrs. Myrtle Schurr 75, left a void in her wide circle of friends as well as in her immediate family when she passed on to the Great Beyond January 19, 1962. Our heartfelt sympathy goes to her husband, Edward Schurr, and their three daughters and seven grandchildren.—Doris Erb.

SILENT LINE FROM THE SOUTHERN TIER

Here is the latest—baby shower at the Coughlins for Mrs. Gerald Fleming of Port Dickinson the house overflowed with women inquiring where all their men were. Must have been in Pete's barn playing poker.

Cliff and Helen Leach sojourned to Maine on their second honeymoon and visited a friend, Mrs. Josie Susco Dorcette. Do you know her? She is formerly of Rome, N.Y. Well, they claim they had a wonderful time eating steak—wait a minute—I think he mentioned something like lobster.

A silver anniversary was celebrated by the Leaches recently managed by Lucy King with the assistance of Bertha Koliander and Vivian Sarantopolous.

Tom Ripic, our "Golden Boy" from Endicott, was honored at a testimonial dinner recently, and we had the well known Mayor Lee of Endicott with us as honor guest. Tom was presented with a nice gift and a purse of folding stuff. "Good luck, Tom," and we are looking forward to a better record at our next International Games down in Washington in 1965. As you may note, Tom was the youngest lad to win gold medal for the U. S. A. team.

Another baby shower was held in honor of Rita Tarbaux at the Bert DeHasse residence in Endicott. She received a truck load of gifts.

This writer was laid up due to a foot operation. A bone was taken out of the large toe. Thus did not have much to write about. Any way, I read in the papers that Ken Cobb was ordered to report to Japan. You know how IBM gives orders. Well, he was there for two weeks to do what he was supposed to do the first time he was there; he does not tell me much. If he did not do things right the second time, I shudder to think that he might have to contact "Pete" Coughlin, the well known "professional trouble shooter." Wonder if they can afford the (not two weeks) few minutes advice.

We, the Binghamton Civic—I really mean CIVIC—had a most successful spaghetti supper; our money was earmarked for the Gallaudet Home Christmas party. We had a very large crowd, and everyone enjoyed the dinner. Thanks for all the work you did (members) and next time that the door is locked be patient and wait; if the sauce is too thick, we will have something like paint thinner. If it is too hot, we'll provide air hoses (maybe borrowed from IBM). If the spaghetti is too long, we will have a meat grinder on hand. Any more? ESAD President Samuelson and the Mrs. were our guests. After our meeting, President Samuelson gave us a pep talk and urged us all to join up and told us what ESAD has done and is doing and what it plans to do in the future.

Paul Marinich of Johnson City recently hit 603 at the Midway Rec, and it will be a long time before you will hear the end of it. He just changed his body english; stopped smoking cigars; laid off booze; goes to bed early; stopped watching TV; changed at least one dozen balls; even tried a ball with no holes; spent half of his income on lessons. Now, he is all set for the tournaments. Let's see if you can do better than the lousy 457 at Reading, Pa.

Binghamton NFSD Division No. 108 is planning a 35th "birth of our outfit" to be held here some time in November. Our speaker has not been selected yet, but most likely it will be our well known sports writer from the Home Office. We had Frank Sullivan at the Syracuse Outing, and he did a splendid job, but now we feel it would be fair to have someone else appear. How about that, Lenny?—"Pete" Coughlin.

SYRACUSE

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Bohli, Jr., became proud parents of a baby girl, Debra Lynn, on November 29.

Samuel Parker, woodworking instructor at the Maryland School for the Deaf was the guest of Mr. Carlton Strail for a week in December.

Mrs. Allan Pabst winged to West Palm Beach, Fla., where she stayed with her son and his family for two weeks after Christmas. On her return trip home, she was thrilled when she flew on a jet for the first time.

In the "City Life" column in the Syracuse Herald Journal the other day, a neighbor commented "good deeds" made by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Menotti. However, there was no mention of their being deaf. Unless it is specified, it would not make any difference to the readers.

The SCAD held a regular meeting on January 27. An important item discussed was protecting the deaf's privilege of operating motor vehicles. Of the four replies from the New York State senators and assemblymen, three show that they are on our side. Quite a large crowd were at the meeting and also were attracted by a social "Twist-O-Imagination" held afterwards.

—Robert A. Bohli, Jr.

Mrs. Annie Lashbrook

Mrs. Annie Lashbrook, 87, a dominating deaf personage deaf personage in this area, died on December 28, 1961, in the Rome Hospital where she had been a patient for a week. Mrs. Lashbrook had been in failing health for a year.

Mrs. Lashbrook was printing instructor at the Central New York School for the Deaf for 30 years, retiring in 1939. She was the founder of the Rome School Alumni Association and had served as vice president, secretary, and treasurer, in the last position for many years, and had been a regular contributor to the alumni column in the school's magazine, "The Register"—a combined service of 60 years.

Mrs. Lashbrook also served as president for one term of the Empire State Association of the Deaf, having been elected at the memorable Elmira convention in 1919; secretary for four years; and vice-president for one term. When the ESAD was allowed to sleep for 17 years, Mrs. Lashbrook, together with the late Rev. Herbert C. Merrill and the late Clayton McLaughlin of Rochester, took steps to resurrect the

ESAD in 1936. Mrs. Lashbrook also served as vice president of the National Association of the Deaf in 1913. She was the first honorary life member of the reorganized ESAD.

She belonged to the old school of semi-mutes who made themselves felt in the activities and welfare of the deaf. She was an intense and loyal supporter of her alma mater and an ardent supporter of the combined system though she retained her ability to speak. She was also a member of the Corporation of the Rome School.

Funeral services took place at the Zion Episcopal Church in Rome with the Rev. William Lange, Jr., missionary, officiating. The pallbearers were all of her nephews. The body was placed in the Rome Cemetery vault for burial in Bernhardt's Bay Cemetery in the spring. The floral tributes were many, among them were those of the Rome School Alumni Association, the school's Board of Trustees, staff and pupils of the school, and neighbors.—Thomas A. Hinchey

Thomas K. Simpson

Thomas K. Simpson, 66, of 1102 Reynolds Road, Johnson City, died October 26, 1961. He is survived by his wife, Dora Williams Simpson, a daughter, Mrs. Earl Allen, Chenango Forks; a brother, Archie Simpson, Hawthorne, Fla., and a sister, Mrs. F. H. Bedell, Binghamton. He was a retired Endicott Johnson employee, a member of All Saints' Episcopal Church and I.O.O.F. Lodge, of Johnson City, and the Empire State Association of the Deaf.

The funeral and committal services were held Monday at the T.F. Rice Funeral Home, Johnson City, with the Rev. Donald T. Read, Rector of All Saints' Episcopal Church, officiating. Burial was at Newman Cemetery, Great Bend, Pa.—Mrs. Mattie Kemp.

Beggar Not Choosy Enough PLEA FALLS ON DEAF EARS

A husband and wife who police say make their living by begging were arrested here yesterday, and their expensive 1961 hardtop auto, equipped with power windows and even a power operated side view mirror, was towed away for safekeeping.

Rita Williams, 29, of Camden, N.J., was charged with violating the city code by asking for alms without a permit. Her husband, Leonard, 44, was locked up on a vagrancy charge.

Policewomen Emillie Manzler and Dorris Smith said the couple claim to be deaf mutes. About 7,000 coin wrappers were found in the trunk of their car and more than \$200 in cash was found on the couple and in the car.

Mrs. Manzler was at the card counter of a downtown department store about 1 p.m. yesterday when she felt a tap on the shoulder.

There was Mrs. Williams with a card that read:

"Let's be friends."

The card explained that the holder was a deaf mute and any donation would be appreciated.

Mrs. Williams was taken into custody. She led the policewoman outside to where her husband was parked in the car. At first the husband refused to identify himself.

At Police Headquarters the couple were questioned, with the policewomen writing out the question and the couple writing their answer.

Mrs. Williams had \$22.67 in change in her handbag. She wrote that she had been working the store for one hour. The Williamses claimed they arrived here from Buffalo yesterday morning.

Policewomen found two cartons containing thousands of the printed cards that Mrs. Williams was handing out.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams will be arraigned in City Court today.

"It was a very quiet investigation. No shouting or yelling," Policewoman Manzler reflected last night.

(Next day's paper) Two Beggars' Wealth Grows

Policewomen yesterday reported several new twists in an investigation of a deafmute couple who, they say, have been making a lucrative living by begging.

Lt. Jeanne Coolidge said an additional \$550 was found on Leonard D. Williams, 44, of Camden, N. J., when police made a thorough check of his clothes yesterday. An expensive diamond ring was found in a shoe belonging to William's wife, Rita, 29.

More than \$200 was found on the couple and in their 1961 hardtop sedan equipped with many extras when they were arrested Wednesday.

Lt. Coolidge said new charges of soliciting without a permit have been lodged against the pair. They will be arraigned in City Court today.

(Next day's paper) Mute Beggar Pleads Guilty

Rita M. Williams, 29 a deaf-mute who police say made as much as \$100 a day begging here, pleaded guilty in court to a charge of soliciting without a permit. Her husband, Leonard, pleaded guilty to a vagrancy charge. They were fined \$150 each.

(Letters to the Editor) Begging Deplored By Deaf Groups

The article in the January 25 Democrat and Chronicle about a deaf couple being arrested for begging, prompts me to ask the public to help stop this sort of thing.

I am glad they were caught as we needed proof that such beggars or peddlers of manual alphabet cards do rake in a lot of money that way. Upon closer search,

police reportedly found \$550 besides the \$200 found earlier.

The Empire State Association of the Deaf and Rochester Civic Association of the Deaf are opposed to such a racket. We have tried in vain to have it suppressed. That can happen only if the public will not donate but call the police. The hearing people are too sympathetic towards such beggars. We beg you to refrain from listening to their tales.

THE DEAF, as a class, are self-supporting, independent, decent American citizens. Equipped with education tailored to their needs, they are capable of holding down good jobs.

This begging is distressing to the majority of the deaf. They know that perhaps the only contact most hearing persons have with the deaf is when they are accosted by a peddler, and the activities of these peddlers cause hearing people to think that all the deaf are beggars.

We have vainly tried to have peddling laws passed. Some states have such laws with teeth in them, so the peddling there is at a minimum.

But such laws may not be helpful unless the public helps by not giving money or buying alphabet cards.

One of the peddlers' methods is to go into a restaurant and lay alphabet cards on the tables before each patron, going around the room and collecting money and cards, too. Some make about \$25 to \$50 a day depending on their wits. While you are laboring over your annual income tax, they do not pay one at all.

Claude H. Samuelson, President

William A. Renner, Retired Printing Instructor, Passes

William A. Renner, former teacher of printing at the New York School for the Deaf, Knollwood Road, White Plains, died Oct. 27, 1961, at the White Plains Hospital. Born in Hartford, Conn., on April 2, 1884, Mr. Renner retired four years ago after teaching 31 years at the Fanwood School. He worked for various commercial printers in New York City before becoming a teacher.

Mr. Renner, a member of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf and the National Association of the Deaf, was a past president of the Fanwood Alumni Association. He was also a member of the St. Ann's Episcopal Church and a former trustee on the Church Mission Board. He was a past president of the Men's Club.

Surviving are his wife, Cecelia Wilson Renner; a son, Robert of Rochester, N. Y.; a daughter, Mrs. David L. Weber of Pleasantville, N. Y.; a brother, Frank of Lehigh-ton, Pa.; and seven grandchildren. The Rev. Edwin W. Nies officiated at the funeral services and interment was in Sangerties, N. Y.

Dear Don,

Your way of thinking surprises me. It doesn't take extra PAGES to render a clear financial report. Let the public decide who needs "growing up." And, by the way, how did you manage to sneak in your latest ad without the editor's permission?

Friend Ben

ROAMING THE RANGE With El Gaucho

By Troy E. Hill

Not too long ago El Gaucho and Gene Flo took a Sunday off from regular things and did a little roaming around North Central Texas. Instead of going by Route 66, 77, 75, or such, we took little traveled country roads throughout Dallas, Denton, Cooke, Collin and Grayson Counties and really had a wonderful time watching the farmland and the animals with little or no danger from traffic, since there was very little. I suggest you all try this some time rather than take the main traveled roads. Go back country the next trip you make, and you will rediscover America.

The weekend of March 1-4 was of course Southwest Deaf Basketball Tournament time, and this year it was held in Houston, Tex. For the first time in many years the Little Rock team did not enter the tournament.

At the meeting of the delegates Friday night, a telegram was read, that due to an insufficient number of players able to make the trip they, LR, would not be at Houston. The delegate for Little Rock also failed to show up so games were forfeited to the Houston B team and to Alexandria.

The Houston A team won the tournament, winning games from San Antonio, 41 to 36, from Dallas 47 to 30, and from Baton Rouge, 68 to 40, with Dallas finishing third and the Houston B team fourth, while Alexandria copped the consolation game by defeating San Antonio, 39 to 37.

The Most Valuable Player award went to Sam Grant of Houston, All Star players were E. Salinas, San Antonio; J. Robinson, Houston; G. Carazes, Houston; J. Brownell, Alexandria; and M. Flley of B.R. for the first team. Second team members were J. Lusby Austin; B. Hallmark, L. Laster, Bob Wood, Dallas; and Tommy Slaton of Baton Rouge. Gene Harkness was awarded the Coach of the Year trophy.

Officers for next year: Troy E. Hill Dallas, president; Anthony Mowad, Oakdale, La., retiring president, elected vice president and chairman of the Law Committee; and Bert Poss of Austin re-elected secretary-treasurer.

Next year's tournament will be in Alexandria, and the 1964 meet was awarded Austin.

Several important rule changes were made, but as Mrs. Collums of Little Rock said, that's enough about sports for the time being.

Dr. David Peikoff and lovely wife of Washington, D.C., and formerly of Canada, were touring the State of Texas from March 1 at Houston to and through March 21, when they left Amarillo for New Mexico and points west. Dr. Peikoff is on tour to explain the Gallaudet Centennial plan and also to raise funds for same.

He had good crowds in Houston, Corpus Christi, Austin, Fort Worth, Dallas, and Amarillo and met with quite a bit of success in his endeavors.

For El Gaucho and his wife it was a pleasure to host these two fine friends once again. Dave and Gene Flo were collegemates years back, and El Gaucho and Dave met somewhere along convention trails, too long ago to try and remember.

"Come again" is the sign on our door as well as at the Dallas Silent Club, where they made quite a splash.

Noticed Mrs. Dan Mayfield and our old sidekick, Bert Lambkin of Waco, in the St. Patrick's Day? Bert and El Gaucho used to be teammates on the baseball teams in Austin at TSD and also in Akron some 40-odd years ago.

I made the trip down to Houston one day early on purpose so that I could have time to locate and visit Mrs. R. C. Morriss, widow of our long-time friend, Richard C. Morriss, for many years one of Texas' deaf great leaders, and luckily was able to locate her at her daughter's home. Mrs. Morriss, who is in her 80's but looks and acts like she is 60, is still very much alert in her conversation. During our visit her daughter, Blanche, obliged us by calling up Mrs. George M. Flint, and we took Mrs. Morriss with us to spend the rest of the day visiting another old friend who used to be a loyal Dallasite but is now a confirmed Houstonite.

Mrs. Flint, (Mary Cloud) is the daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Cloud of St. Louis, and sister of Dan Cloud, late head of the Fanwood School and formerly superintendent of the Illinois and Kansas Schools, and also has a brother John, who is a member of the New York Stock Exchange. In the Dallas days, Mrs. Flint was our regular interpreter, at church and other doings until she moved to Houston. Then she sort of retired from things.

It was a pleasure to once again be able to talk over old times with these two friends from the long ago, and wish it were possible to see all our friends again oftener than do.

We made the effort to visit the Varley girls and Alice Shaller on our recent North Texas tour, but all were gone from the old Varley homeplace in Whitesboro the day we stopped by for a hoped-for visit with them.

New Under-Pillow VIBRALARM to wake you!

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Can be plugged into any automatic clock. For 110-120V, AC. Has 5-foot cord and plug. Money-back guarantee. Send check or M.O. or write for circular.

GENERAL ELECTRIC TELECHRON
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SPORTING AROUND

WITH ART KRUGER

One year ago on April 11, 1961, we got a letter from one of the readers of this column. We did not have a chance to have it in print till now. It was a good letter. It was written by John T. McGee, Jr., so let him speak out as follows:

"I wish to take this opportunity to write to you regarding a matter that I consider of great importance to all the deaf high school athletic associations and football teams affiliated with these associations in the United States.

"First of all let me say that I am the chairman of the Athletic Committee at the American School for the Deaf Parents Club, here in West Hartford, Conn. Being a sports minded person and one who is greatly interested in the deaf and their advancement and recognition in this world of education and sports, my point is to find out from you just how you go about selecting your National Football Team. . . .

"Your recent item in THE SILENT WORKER does not actually give me the satisfaction I am looking for in the matter of determining this championship team and giving them the title.

"Now I know that all scholastic conferences operate differently, but what I want to know is how do you evaluate this situation, and are you the main source of declaring who is to be the champion? I ask this because I have advocated for some time that we should have some type of a conference association and hold the meeting once a year at which time we would appoint a committee of four who would be vested with the power of declaring our National Champion, after they themselves did look into the records and performance of each and every team involved, especially those who have competed against each other in deaf high school competition.

"In other words, how many times has each school played each other on the deaf school schedule? I realize that some of us do schedule the hearing schools on their regular schedules and our victories over them are important. However, I do feel that in declaring a deaf high school champion it should be based on deaf high school competition.

"However, Mr. Kruger, I would like to say in closing that we would like the opportunity to meet one of the schools from the South or Southwest or any other high school team in that area. I am confident that this contest might be arranged at ASD if the officials of any of these schools would write to Dr. Boatner and make plans to discuss the matter in detail and all its possibilities. We fathers at ASD Parents Club have weighed the possibility of such a game for some time now.

"In conclusion I want you to know that again this is not any criticism on our part against you or your magazine. It is only a means of trying to get different

schools together so that the boys involved in these contests, representing the various schools, will all get the recognition they well deserve.

"We want the whole United States to know that the deaf are well qualified in every respect and that we want them to be given the opportunity to have their place in this great country of ours, and also to build the moral of every deaf girl and boy in this country. We feel that the deaf have made much progress in the last few years and that they have excelled in many of the popular sports and also in the field of education, and in most cases have been good members in their community associations.

"This alone will and can be done by the co-operation and guidance and the will of us together to get our program where it belongs so that people everywhere and in every walk of life will recognize our sons and daughters and be proud of them as we the parents of ASD are.

"I would, also ask that you keep in mind my suggestion and if you have the chance drop in at ASD and I will be there to meet you. For some time now I have advocated a "Silent Bowl Game" that might possibly be arranged and be placed between two of the top deaf high school teams in the nation. Think about this, Mr. Kruger.

"I would like to remind you once again in closing that I am a parent in ASD and live in the City of Bridgeport, but I am sure that I express the thoughts of our entire football squad and, also, all the fathers who are members of the Athletic Committee of which I am chairman. This Association is made up of parents, teachers, and counsellors at the American School for the Deaf in West Hartford, Conn."

Naturally we agree with Mr. McGee. That's what we have been trying for years. We did try before. There was an All-America Football Selection Board during the early forties, but it lasted only two or three years. It was composed of coaches in our schools for the deaf.

And Mr. McGee's idea of a "Silent Bowl Game" is not new to us. Way back in autumn of 1938, Emerson Romero and we, while living in Kew Gardens, Long Island, N.Y., got together one evening to discuss our brilliant idea of a bowl game to be played in New York City on the first Saturday in December, 1939. Emerson offered to act as secretary, pro tempore. The idea was to have the best scholastic football team from a school for the deaf east of Mississippi play the best team from the West or Southwest. The proceeds were to go to some worthy charitable organization of the deaf.

A few noble-spirited "sponsors" (Louis Hagan, now deceased, George Lynch, Francisco Font, Emerson Romero, and Art Kruger) donated two dollars each for

the purpose of having circulars printed and mailed to the coaches of the teams to sound them out on the idea and get their reactions. This was done, and although the coaches thought the idea a fine one, a few obstacles were in the way. Most of the schools were members of state high school associations and one of the rules forbids any member team from taking part in post-season games. Then there were certain stipulations about the age limits of the players, each locality differing. And there were travel restrictions. Even though we think we could have gotten around these rules, the whole thing blew up. The "sponsors" got back, pro rata, what money was left.

In the meantime, we sent the late Jimmy Meagher a circular, and he concocted the name, "Finger Bowl," from his nimble brain. The name really belonged to Jimmy. And by mentioning about it in his "Spotlight" column of THE FRAT and other columns, the Finger Bowl game received wide publicity. It continued to receive more publicity in the l.p.f. even after it was openly announced the game could not be held in the East. Early in the fall of 1939, we received a communication from Troy Hill of Dallas who asked us if the name, "Finger Bowl," was copyrighted. He suggested that if it was we should let Leo Lewis know immediately because Lewis planned to use the name in connection with the Texas-Arkansas game which he was promoting. In reply we stated in our letter to Hill that the bowl game was our idea and the name, "Finger Bowl," belonged to Meagher. However, there is no law about using the name, and it was used by Lewis. The FIRST and only "Finger Bowl" game played on December 2, 1939, in Dallas' famed 50,000 capacity Cotton Bowl, received wide publicity in the hearing press—even out in New York—and it was fine publicity for the deaf in general.

Undefeated and untied in nine games, scoring 250 to 46, Arkansas was acclaimed as National Champion in 1938. Losing only a few players for the '39 grid campaign, Arkansas was challenged by Texas to play in this memorable bowl game. Result: Arkansas defeated Texas, 27-19. This contest had no bearing on the national championship for Virginia in 1939 was rated the best in the country with a fine 8-0-0 mark, 201 to 33.

Now as to how we go about selecting our National Football Champion which we have been doing for 26 years. Well, we are just a sports writer. We have a system of our own. We have scouts working for us, and we have an agreement not to reveal their names. Of course, if a team does not make a good showing against hearing schools but obtains a good record against school for the deaf elevens, this school has an excellent chance of winning



This is Rolf Knowlton Harmsen as he appeared in 1923. He was the first of the deaf "fastest humans" to run a 9.8 in the 100 yard dash.

the mythical national championship.

We still think our selections during those 26 years were good. For example let's take Illinois for it has an outstanding record against schools for the deaf. Over the 40-year stretch it has won 58 games, lost 14, and tied 6.

In 1939 Arkansas had a fine 8-3-0 record and defeated Texas in the "Finger Bowl." The following year it was challenged by Illinois. Result: Arkansas 7, Illinois 0.

In 1946 Texas was rated No. 2 in the nation. The following year it was challenged by Illinois. Result: Texas led by immortal Lee Montez walloped Illinois, 75 to 0.

In 1948 Tennessee was National Champion with a remarkable 8-1-0, 355 to 18 record. The following year it was challenged by Illinois. Result: Tennessee led by one its all-time greats, Franklin Willis, defeated Illinois, 20-6.

In 1952 Oklahoma was National Champion with a sparkling 9-0-1, 280 to 32 record. The following year it was challenged by Illinois. Result: Losing several players from the '52 club, Oklahoma beat Illinois, 13-6.

Well, we've spoken. However, we are in

WANTED

Experienced Physical Education Teacher for boys. Basketball and track coach. College Graduate. Major in P.E. Apply — Superintendent, New Mexico School for the Deaf, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

accord with John McGee that we should have some type of a conference association which would be vested with the power of declaring our National Football Champion.

What do you think, coaches? If interested, please contact John T. McGee, Jr., American School for the Deaf, West Hartford 7, Conn.

Track Season is On!

How much of this record-breaking orgy in track and field is due to deaf man and how much to mechanical improvements?

Rolf Harmsen, first of the deaf "fastest humans" to run a 9.8 100, credits man for most of it.

Some day soon he expects to see a 9.7 100 in the deaf record books. He visualizes it being done by someone about 6 ft. 2 or 3 in. tall.

"We'll get some guy with the right height, strong enough and with long legs and he'll do it," Harmsen predicted.

He says we're growing kids who are so much taller and stronger that in a short time we'll have a whole new set of records.

Equally significant, in his mind, is the type of instruction the kids are getting now in the schools for the deaf.

"Our kids are getting instruction now in the lower grades and from men, not women, who used to give kids of that age a ball and tell them to go out and play.

"Now, by the time a kid reaches high school age he's pretty well set."

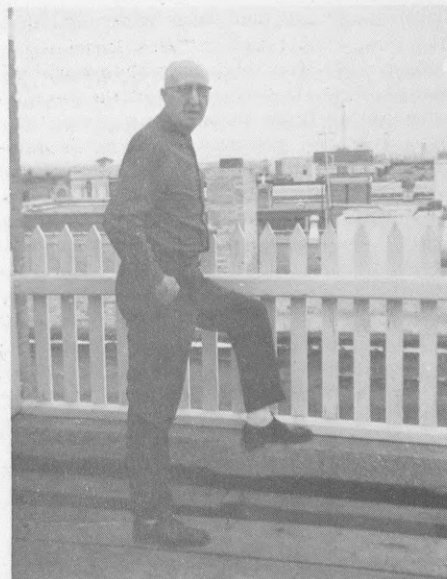
Improvements in tracks and equipment have figured to some extent, Harmsen agrees. But he says: "I ran some of my races on tracks I consider as good as they are today. When three watches caught me one day at Washington, D.C., in 9.8, I doubt I could have done any better under today's conditions.

"Yet, when I was running in 9.8, we had no starting blocks. We dug holes. Sometimes the ground was so dug up from previous races that we ran out of spots to dig. We never could be sure of getting a firm footing at the start."

Rolf Knowlton Harmsen was sensational as a schoolboy at the North Dakota School for the Deaf. During his senior year he was the star athlete of the Lake Region High School meet, carrying off first places in four events (100, 220, 120 high hurdles and 220 low hurdles), second prize in one event (javelin throw), and the silver cup offered to the individual making the largest number of points. He was also on the relay team, running the last lap, that captured first place. He was sent a week later to the State meet held at Grand Forks under the auspices of the University of North Dakota, and he won two first places.

When he was 18 years old, weighing 180 pounds on a 6-1 frame, Rolf entered Gallaudet College in the fall of 1922. As a first year student he won every 100 yard dash he ran for Gallaudet and because the first deaf to break the 10-second barrier in the 100 yard dash when he ran it in 9.8, and he did it several times.

When the college closed for the summer, Rolf and three companions traveled in a flivver from Washington to Chicago. The lads arrived the morning of the special



Rolf Knowlton Harmsen as he appears today. Now 58, he lives in Bismark, N. D., where he is a linotype operator for a daily newspaper.

Illinois Athletic Club games, and were

hustled over to Stagg Field without even a shave. Rolf donned a makeshift running outfit and competed after sleeping outdoors on the ground for a week, his leg muscles still badly cramped from the long flivver trip. Yet Rolf made good against outstanding sprinters such as Albert Washington, national schoolboy champion of 1923; C. Coaffee, champion of Canada and semi-finalist in the Olympic games, and H. Jones, 1923's Junior AAU champion. His sterling performance against such men caught the eagle eye of the millionaires, and they gladly paid all his expenses to come and carry the Illinois A.C. colors in the National AAU meet at Stagg Field around Labor Day. He made good, and Illinois A.C. won both Junior and Senior AAU team championships. That Rolf made good was evinced from the fact that he was placed on both the 440 and 880 yard relay teams in the National AAU meet.

It was a pleasure to know Rolf Harmsen when we toured Europe in 1957 and when we met at the annual National AAAD Basketball Tournaments. He lost his hearing when he was about five years old by falling from a high chair and striking his head. He had infantile paralysis; was a "weakling" and "walking queer." He gradually developed on the playground of the North Dakota School for the Deaf where he enrolled in 1911. His hearing has been gradually improving, until now he can carry on an ordinary conversation if the speaker is not too far away. He is now a linotype operator for a daily newspaper in Bismarck, N.D.

Now there are several questions we would like to find out this track season . . .

Who will be the Deaf Prep Track Coach of the Year? Last year it was Earl Roberts of the Michigan School for the Deaf. Mention of this was omitted from the December issue due to lack of space. Earl, who went to Finland last summer as one of our track and field coaches, recently

wrote us to say that for a better 1965 USA track and field team, we must have a better organized coaches association. He believes that by organizing the coaches and getting them to share ideas, we will come up with a better team. By that he means we will be able to find talent that otherwise would have gone unnoticed. The Michigan High School Track and Field coaches recently formed their own organization. That led Earl to believe that if he got the deaf school coaches organized, we might up with some hot talent. You're right, Earl. Do it now!

Will James MacFadden, now a senior at Gallaudet College, become the first deaf runner to break the 22-minute barrier in the 220 yard dash? He broke Edward Rodman's 36-year-old American record of 22.2 when he ran the 220-yard dash in 22 flat last year.

Will Ronald Wood regain his form and run the 100 yard dash in 9.7? This is his last year at the Berkeley, Calif., School for the Deaf.

Will Norman White Shirt break his own American deaf record of 4:28.9 in the mile which he set last year in the state high school meet at Aberdeen, S. D? He did win the South Dakota AAU Cross Country (high school division) in the excellent time of 11:22, 14 seconds under his winning time over the same course during the state high school championship meet. This AAU triumph gave Norman a personal unbeaten record in cross country for the '61 year.

Will Arizona repeat as State Class C champion? By all indications, it looks as if it will successfully defend its C title this year because of the 11 boys who sored only Ruben Fugua, who won the 880-yard run and was fourth in the 440, was lost through graduation.

Last year's win was the first state Class C championship for Coach Frank Sladek since he came to ASD in 1951. The dedicated coach wrote, . . . "that victory Saturday night, May 13, 1961, was, of course, one of my biggest thrills. I think the other was in 1952 when he won the C South Conference basketball title and then finished third in the state ABC tournament in Douglas."

Sladek was exceptionally proud of his athlete Mannie Valencia, who was a member of the United States squad at the recent Helsinki Games. The stocky Valencia made it possible for ASD to easily outdistance the field by 42 points with blue ribbons in the 100, 220, and 180 low hurdles in addition to anchoring the winning 880-yard relay team. For Valencia, the 1961

Dear Ben: By guppy, my tactics worked! Two ads from you this month. THANKS! How did I manage to sneak in my latest ad without the editor's permission??? Elementary, my dear Benjamin!! I print the magazine! For that same reason, I KNOW it will take extra pages to print the detailed financial reports YOU want! Let the public decide who needs "growing up." All's fair in love and war and business . . . and to my way of thinking, arm-chair generals who like sour grapes are fair game for anyone!
Yers . . . DON



1961 ATHLETE OF THE YEAR—The typical stride that carried America's James Robert MacFadden to four gold medal performances during the International Games for the Deaf at Helsinki last summer is illustrated above. MacFadden is shown winning the 200 meters finals in the Games record time of 22.8. Last month the American Athletic Association of the Deaf named him as the outstanding deaf athlete in the United States in 1961.

track season was a complete success. The 5-5, 130-pounder scored 122½ points in eight meets to break the school's single season point record of 117 5/12 held by 1958 graduate Pete Hernandez.

And will there be several records broken at the second annual Midwest Deaf Relays on April 28, 1962, at Council Bluffs, Iowa? There is already a lot of enthusiasm for this meet, and they are determined to put on a much better showing than they did last year. And the rumor is out that this year's relays will be expanded to nine teams. A tenth, Minnesota, has had schedule conflicts, and, much as it hated to, has had to drop plans for competing in the Iowa affair. It was just too bad because we have a feeling the its outstanding sprinter Dennis Miller could cop both the century and the furlong at the Iowa meet.

SPORTS CALENDAR

Committees are urged to send in their listings to Charley Whisman, 4316 Carrollton Avenue, Indianapolis 5, Ind.

Listings for 1963 and 1964 tournaments are also requested for our files for references.

April 27-29: Great Lakes Deaf's and American Deaf Women's Bowling Tournament, Waveland Lanes and Sheraton—Chicago Hotel, Chicago.

April 28: New England States Bowling Tournament, Watertown, Mass.

April 28: Midwest Deaf Track Relays, at the Iowa School, Council Bluffs.

April 28: Twin Cities Silents' Individual Handicap Bowling Tournament (men and women), All Star Bowl, St. Paul, Minn.

April 28-29: Southwest Deaf Association's Bowling Tournament, Waco, Tex.

May 4-6: Eastern Association of the Bowlers' Tournament, Tri-City Lanes and Sheraton—Ten Eyck Hotel, Albany, N. Y.

May 5: Union League's Handball Tournament, Brownsville Boys' Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.

May 12: Aurora Club's Individual Handicap Bowling Tournament (men and women), Valley Bowl Lanes and Fox Valley Hellenic Center, Aurora, Ill.

May 19: Heart of America Club's Individual Handicap Bowling Tournament (men and women), Pla - So. Mor Alleys, Kansas City, Mo.

May 26: Chicago Club's Individual Handicap Bowling Tournament (men and women), Chicago.

June 2-3 Northwest Bowling Association of the Deaf's Singles Bowling Tournament, Sunset Alleys Seattle, Wash.

June 9: Kansas City Club's Individual Handicap Bowling Tournament (men and women), King Louis Plaza, Kansas City, Mo.

June 15-17: Philadelphia H.A.D.'s Open Class Invitational Bowling Tournament, for 5-man and 5-woman Team Classic, Willow Grove Park Lanes and George Washington Motor Lodge East, Philadelphia.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2: Central Regional Softball tournament, Euclid Park and Pick-Carter Hotel, Cleveland.

Sept. 1-3: Midwest Softball Tournament, Boyd Field, Omaha, Neb.

Sept. 1-3: Pacific Coast Deaf Bowling Association's Bowling Tournament, Spokane, Wash.

Oct. 27-28: Midwest Deaf Bowling Tournament, Bowl-O-Mat, Des Moines, Ia.

Nov. 17: Southtown Club's Individual Handicap Bowling Tournament (men and women), Chicago.

Dear Mopser,
Glory be! I didn't make it! The Executive Committee of the great Empire State Association of the Deaf turned down my kind offer to represent them at the NAD Miami Convention for FREE — shed no crocodile tears, my friend! The reasons are: I didn't start at the bottom of the ladder. Poor me! They would rather spend several hundreds of dollars for a repeat performance of the Dallas Representatives. Oh, well, life is cruel sometimes, so I'll sit in the bleachers. Hope to see you there, friend Mopser.
Benjamin

National Association of the Deaf

Home Office Notes

By Dr. Byron B. Burnes

The sensation of the month has been the article by Virginia Kenny in Harper's Magazine for March which, for once, gives our side of the controversy on education. We hope everyone has read that article.

The Home Office has received a great number of letters calling our attention to the article. There were more letters than we have been able to answer, so we take this means of expressing our thanks to all who wrote to us. Our reply to most of them would be that we did read the article (Harper's sent us an advance proof), and we did write to Harper's. Gordon Allen of Minnesota wrote that the Minnesota Association of the Deaf had purchased reprints of the article for distribution among parents and others who should read it. Gordon suggested that other state associations do likewise, and that was a brilliant idea. The N.A.D. also purchased a supply of reprints, but we can not handle anything like the vast number that should be distributed, so we would suggest that every state association order a supply of reprints from Harper's. The charge for the reprints is \$9.00 per 100 copies.

Gerald Adler of the Michigan Association wrote to Reader's Digest urging that publication to reprint the article from Harper's. That was another brilliant idea and the N.A.D. has sent Reader's Digest a similar letter. It will help if state association officials do the same.

Of course, the oralists went into a tizzy over the Harper's article. We hear that they have sent out mimeographed letters by the hundreds trying to induce people to write letters objecting to the article. Naturally, Harper's will not be able to publish all the letters they receive either from the deaf and friends of the deaf, or from the oralists. We wonder, though, if Harper's editors or readers would rather believe the arguments they receive from the theorists and fanatics than those from the deaf, themselves, who surely know "where the shoe pinches."

The best comment on the Harper's article that has come to this desk was a clipping from the Salt Lake Tribune sent to us by Board Member Sandie Sanderson, written by William F. Smiley, Education Editor of that newspaper. We haven't the space to reproduce the comments here but perhaps Editor Smith will use them elsewhere in the magazine. The gist of Mr. Smiley's comments may be gleaned from the last paragraphs of his column, referring to the rigid oral method of education, as follows:

"Here in Salt Lake City I have watched special classes for the deaf children. I

have seen them perform amazingly on command of a teacher who kept her hands folded quietly on her lap.

"But I have spoken to those children and found only puzzlement in the eyes they locked to my lips, and I've watched their eager arms fly up as they sought to express a sudden idea, only to meet stern rebuke for daring to 'sign' in class.

"Perhaps here, in these special education classes, is where those ideas of 'life adjustment' need to be developed rather than in the English and mathematics and science classes of the 'normal' child.

Not long ago letters were sent out to the presidents of all cooperating state associations asking for suggestions as to ideas for consideration at the Miami convention. Replies have been coming in and some interesting ideas have been suggested. At this time a number of states are still to be heard from, so we shall wait until the May issue to report on these letters. At that time we hope to present a resume of the suggestions.

Last month this column reported that Rene Epding was back in the Home Office. We are glad to report now that she has been employed on a full time basis as Office Manager. She accepted the position here when she had an offer of a better paying position, because of her interest in the deaf and the N.A.D. She had been of great help in the office and we are fortunate to have her.

Welcome to the newest Cooperating Member of the N.A.D.—the newly organized District of Columbia Association of the Deaf. D.C. is specially mentioned in the N.A.D. laws as having the status of a state association, and the N.A.D. is proud that it has also assumed the status of a cooperating association. We shall be looking forward to welcoming the D.C. representative to the Miami convention. Fred Schreiber is Executive Director of the D. C. Association.

With two people working in the Home Office on a full time basis and a third working at any time he can get here, it has necessary to release Mrs. Alice Amann, who has been employed in the Office part time for some six years. This decision was taken not because the Office doesn't need a fourth employee, but because the N.A.D. is not yet able to pay the salaries of the kind of staff it needs. Mrs. Amann was a faithful and enthusiastic employee and we regretted seeing her leave. The N.A.D. appreciates the service she gave.

For the first time in recent months, receipts have been a little larger than expenditures. The treasury was taking such a beating, Treasurer Bob Greenmun was instructed to prepare to draw on the savings account to meet the expenses for March, but receipts perked up during the month and at the time of this writing we are still getting by on what we have in the General Fund.

The increase in revenue this month has been due to receipt of 1961-62 quotas from some of the state associations, which shows how vitally important the quotas are in financing the work of the Association. It is hoped the cooperating associations will find means of raising their quotas regularly. Many have done so, while others have had trouble. The states experiencing the least difficulty have been those which apply part of their annual membership dues to their quotas. We have stated in this column many times that the easiest way to raise the quota is by adding \$1.50 to annual membership dues, and we are finding this to be true. We repeat again that we hope all state associations will give this increase in dues serious consideration at their earliest opportunity. Quotas received this month have come from the Utah, Louisiana, and Mississippi Associations. Washington State paid the balance due on the 1960-61 quota. Thanks to them all for keeping the N.A.D. out of the red.

The financial statement for March is as follows:

Financial Statement for March, 1962.

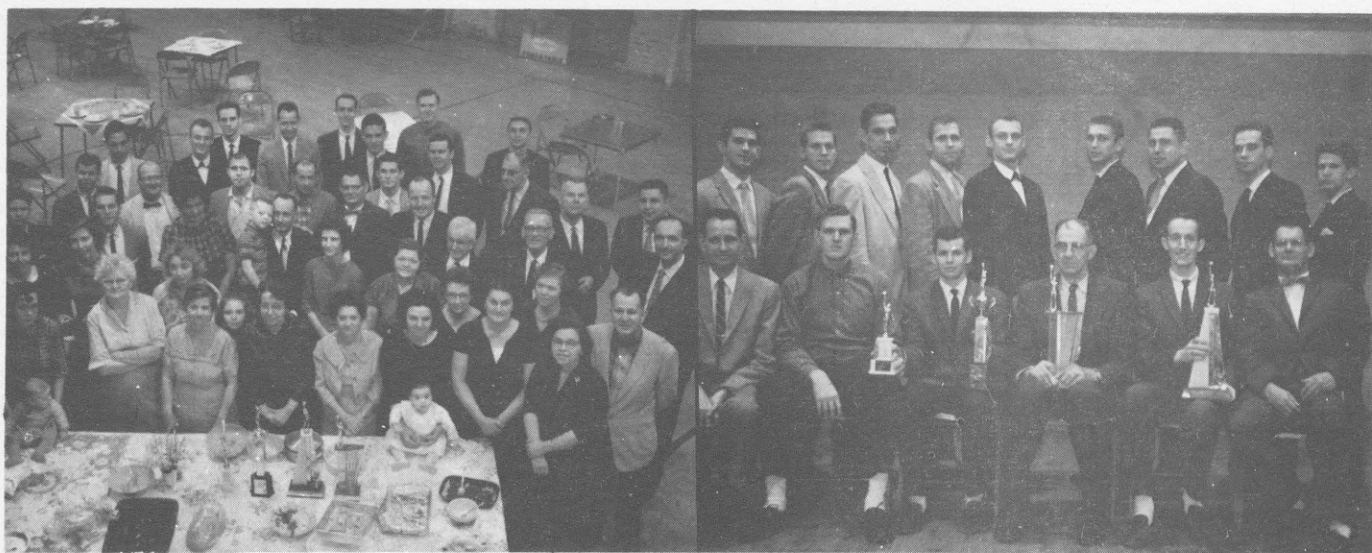
Receipts	
Quotas:	\$ 781.50
Utah, \$189.00; Louisiana, \$390.00;	
Washington (bal.) \$78.00; Mississippi, \$124.50.	
Services rendered	3.94
Advancing membership dues	394.00
Contributions	20.00
Total receipts	\$1,199.44
Expenditures	
Silent Worker share of Adv. membership dues	\$ 79.20
Salaries	693.86
Withholding taxes paid to Internal Revenue Service	155.50
Rent	126.50
Janitorial services	15.00
Telephone	20.56
Total expenditures	\$1,090.62

NOTICE

The Convention in Miami, July 1-7, 1962, is a meeting of the National Association of the Deaf and its Cooperating Member Associations. No one will be permitted to register who is not a member either of the NAD or of one of its Cooperating Member Associations.

Those attending the Convention should bring evidence of membership. This may be either an NAD membership card or a membership card from a Cooperating Association. A list of these Associations in good standing will be published in a later issue of THE SILENT WORKER.

Members of the NAD (including all Life



TALLADEGA CLUB HONORS BASKETBALL TEAM—Justly proud of their team's fine showing in the 1962 SEAAD basketball tournament, the Talladega Club of the Deaf gave a dinner. In the picture at the left is a part of the crowd that attended. In the other pictures are the honorees: Seated, left to right: Clarence Clark, Larry Potter, Waymon Harkins, Coach Harry L. Baynes, John Watson, Buel Arnold. Standing, left to right: James Bice, Kenneth King, Clyde Cagle, Ralph Hipp, Tommy Hudson, Burrel Norris, Bill Scott, Stephan Kugel, Jackie Chapman.

Members no matter when enrolled) who have lost or are unable to locate their cards should obtain duplicates from the Home Office of the Association, 2495 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley 4, Calif. Members of Cooperating Member Associations should contact the secretary of their Association for membership cards or other means of identification.

Unaffiliated persons wishing to attend the Convention may apply for NAD membership at the Membership Desk which will be in the registration area at the Hotel Everglades, Miami, Fla.

—Robert M. Greenmun,
Secretary-Treasurer

TALLADEGA CLUB HONORS BASKETBALL TEAM AT DINNER

The Talladega Club of the Deaf basketball team and its staff were honored by members of the club with a delightful covered dish supper at the Alabama School gym on Sunday, March 11.

The team was runnerup in the Southeast Athletic Association of the Deaf tournament held in Atlanta on March 2-3. Talladega reached the finals by defeating Frederick, Md., 57-39, and Roanoke, Va.,

50-35. Talladega fell to Washington, D.C., 56-53, the deciding factor being foul shots. Talladega completed 22 field goals and nine free throws of 24 tries while Washington had 21 field goals and 14 of 22 foul shots. The second-place team's outstanding zone defense and "fighting heart" in the crucial contest drew praise from the spectators.

High honors came to the Talladega team. Coach Harry L. Baynes was selected "Coach of the Region." Waymon Harkins, Talladega's leading sharpshooter, was awarded a trophy as the Most Valuable Player. Harkins and Larry Potter, considered the best rebounder in the tourney, were named to the all-tournament squad.

Last but not least, Mr. Baynes was elected to serve for a fifth term as president of the SEAAD.

The team's impressive achievements prompted the club members to plan a beautiful occasion as a token of their appreciation. The attractive table contained various sorts of tempting foods with the four trophies and a vase of spring flowers serving as a centerpiece. Guests of honor were Mr. Baynes, coach; Clarence Clark, manager; Buel Arnold, delegate at the business meeting in Atlanta; Stephan

Kugel, Ralph Hipp, Larry Potter, Bill Scott, John Watson, Burrel Norris, Waymon Harkins, James Bice, Jackie Chapman, Clyde Cagle, Tommy Hudson, and Kenneth King. Enjoying the affair with those 15 honorees were 27 adults and 11 children.

Mrs. Gloria Chappell was chairman for the dinner. Assisting were Mrs. Katherine Gilchrist, Mrs. Naomi Clark, and Moran Colbrun. Charlie Chappell is present of the club.

—Mrs. Agnes Tate

MICHIGAN BREEZES

(Continued from Page 9)

in, too. Ultimately, by this process, THE SILENT WORKER may be on the reading table in each deaf person's home, club, place of business, library, and so on, throughout the country. That could mean not only in the USA, but in Canada, Mexico, South America, England, France, Australia, and beyond. And, brother, that means we'll see this publication grow and prosper, and the biggest firms will be among those using its advertising columns. So we will prove that the Deaf CAN and WILL support their own publication!"

Who knows? Maybe the present publication of the NAD and deafdom, THE SILENT WORKER, may some day celebrate ITS centennial. And I cherish the opinion that then would be a mighty good time and reason for a CENTENNIAL fund. However we won't be around then.

THE Centennial of a publication of and for the deaf that was given their financial support for 100 years! it could happen if . . . we of the present but get the vision and subscribe, forking over \$3.50 each, to the SW, each year. It is not enough to praise it. As the late and beloved Francis Gibson told me: "I know, Conk there are so many who will praise the ADC, but I think you will appreciate more those who pay for it. Here's my dollar for a subscription." Dear old Gib: He understood.

NAD CONVENTION, July 1-7, Miami

APRIL, 1962

Who is the Mystery Man??

? ? ? ?

(A noted personality among the deaf, that's who!)

CAN YOU GUESS HIS NAME?

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Come to the N.A.D. CONVENTION, JULY 1-7, MIAMI, FLA.
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Who Is That Man???

26th NAD Convention

Miami, Florida

July 1-7, 1962

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THURSDAY: Banquet with Deluxe Floor Show	9.50
FRIDAY: N.A.D. Fun Night	1.00
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DEADLINE: JUNE 1, 1962!!
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JOHN HILL
562 N.W. 46th St., Miami, Florida

For more Convention Information, write
RALPH SASSER, General Chairman
P.O. BOX 50—283, Miami, Florida

HOTEL RATES

Hotels	Single	Double	Twin
NEW EVERGLADES (N.A.D. Hdqtrs.)	\$7.50-8.50-9.50	\$10.50-12.50-14.50
McALLISTER (Overflow Hotel)	\$6.50-7.50-8.50	\$8.50-9.50-10.50	\$10.50-12.50-14.50

INFORMATION

Early applications will receive priority rates. Reservations will be confirmed promptly by Hotel.

At the New Everglades Hotel one child under 12 years old, free, and the second child, \$3.00 extra, may occupy the same room with parents.

At McAllister Hotel one child under 14 years may

occupy the same room with parents free of charge.

Voting delegates are requested to use Headquarters hotel if possible. Single rooms are limited and it is suggested twins be shared wherever possible. Please allow Bureau to make reasonable substitution if rooms of your choice are not available.

RESERVATION BLANK

DO NOT Make Reservation Direct With Hotel.
Clip This Blank, Fill Out and Mail To:

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF HOUSING BUREAU
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HOTEL: 1st Choice 2nd Choice

Arrival Date; Time A.M. P.M. Leaving

Reserve: Single Double Twin Rate Desired \$..... per room. Room(s) With Bath for Persons.

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SEND CONFIRMATION TO: Name

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Clubs wishing to advertise in this directory should write
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Open Friday evenings, Saturdays, Sundays
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Services every Sunday

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Meeting 4th Saturday of each month
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